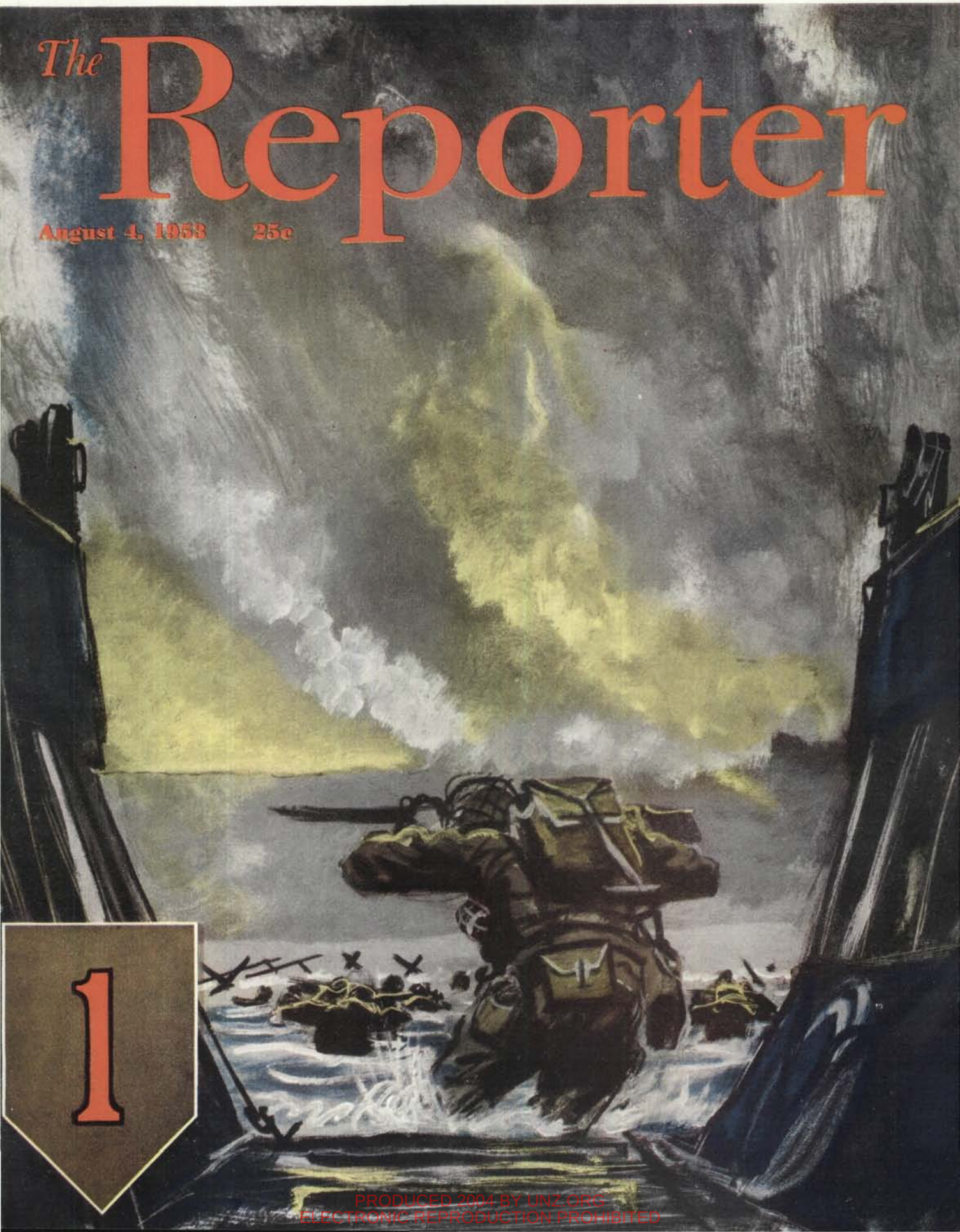
THE BIG RED 'ONE' (page 8)

The Reporter

August 4, 1953 25c



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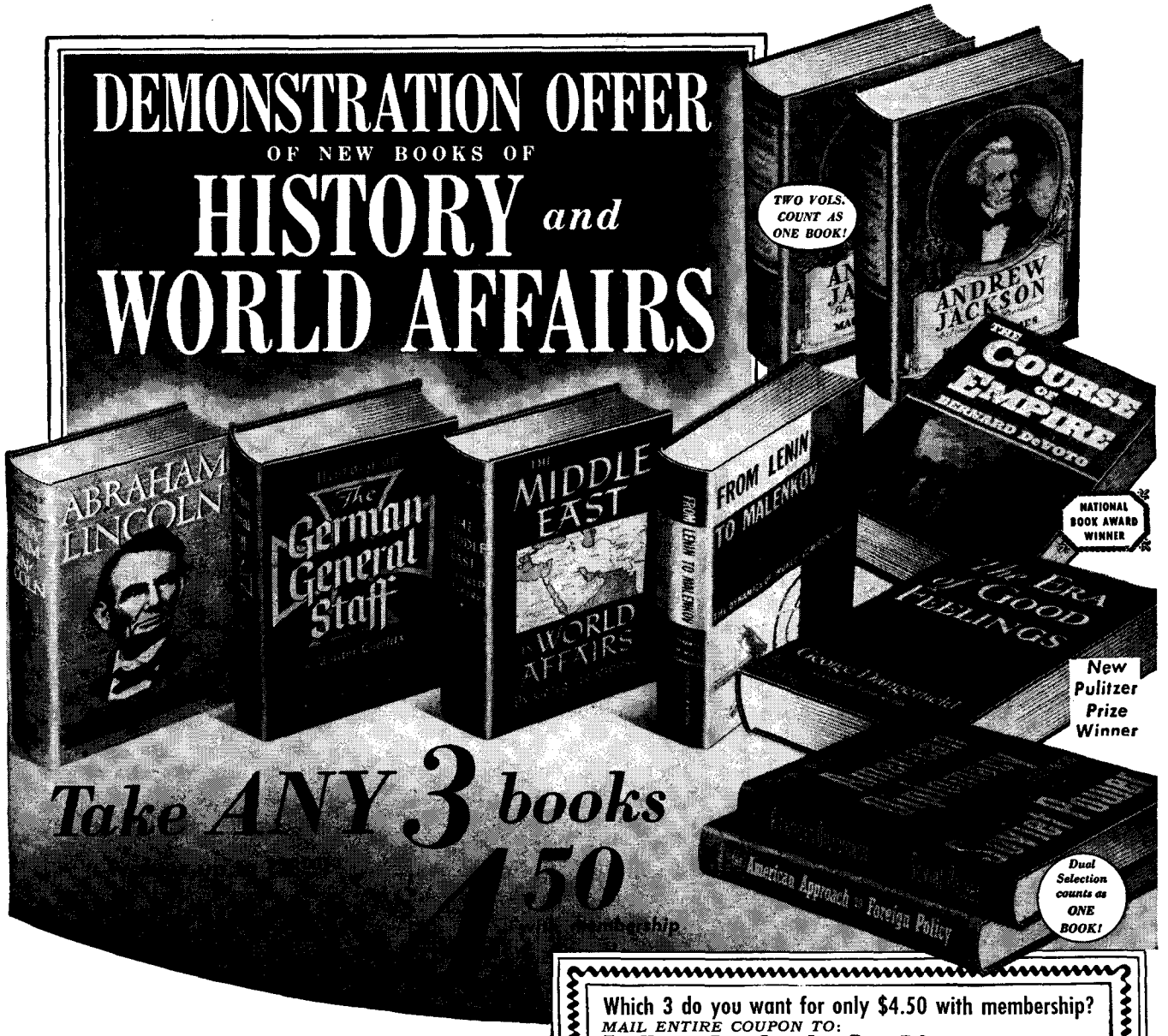

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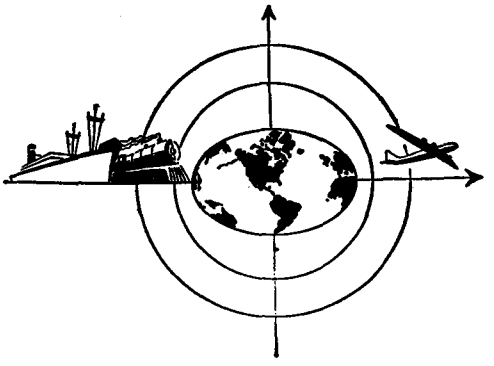

THE REPORTER'S NOTES

Thanks, Mr. Jackson

It's a long time since an official document has so lifted up our hearts. The government has released only a skimpy summary of the report prepared by the President's Committee on International Information Activities under the chairmanship of William H. Jackson. If the lucky ones who have access to the full text have time and aptitude to understand it, then we can have confidence in the information policies of our government.

Yet skimpy as it is, the summary brings us an invigorating breath of fresh air. After such an orgy of silly talk about "psychological warfare," the members of the Jackson Committee deserve full credit for having firmly restated the obvious and given new authority to common sense.

"In reality," the report says, "there is a 'psychological' aspect or implication to every diplomatic, economic or military policy and action. . . ."

Also: "For service overseas we must have the finest and ablest personnel available—dedicated men and women with ideals of freedom—and we must give them every support. Fortunately there are thousands of our fellow citizens so serving overseas today. Their morale is of the utmost concern to all of us, for upon them rests a major share of the responsibility for our future. This support means infinitely more than the removal of an occasional offender."

ONE PASSAGE touched us deeply and almost personally. To the occasional torment of our writers, we have always considered the expressions "cold war" and "psychological warfare" somewhat unclean and silly. Sometimes we have weakened on "cold war," but as to "psychological warfare," to the best of our recollection whenever we have had to use the expression we have always bracketed it in quotes. We read now in the Jackson report: " 'Cold war' and 'psychological warfare' are unfortunate terms. They do not describe the efforts of our nation and our Allies to build a world of peace and freedom. They should be discarded in favor of others which describe our true goals. New terms are needed to express the solidarity of freedom-loving men and women everywhere."

Here we take the liberty of disagreeing: We don't think there is any need for coining new expressions. We can rely on old and honorable words like "diplomacy" and "politics" to describe the nonmilitary struggles of our days.

Emboldened by the fact that men in high position have exhibited such wisdom, we wonder whether on some other occasion they could not also throw "battle for the minds of men" into the heap of discarded clichés. Perhaps—we know we are overambitious—perhaps they might even rid us of "crusade."

TO OUR READERS

From now on, during each summer two nonconsecutive issues of *The Reporter* will be dropped. This year they will be the numbers that would have been dated August 18 and September 15. In between them the September 1 issue will be published. Then with the September 29 number we shall resume our regular fortnightly schedule until the summer of 1954. The dropping of these issues will not affect the number of issues each subscriber is entitled to.

Premature Exposure

The newspapers have announced that the Vice-President and Mrs. Nixon will shortly be off on a goodwill tour through Southeast Asia. Some say they will go all around the non-Communist world, following in the wake of Adlai Stevenson.

We are the last people in the world to doubt that the Vice-President will be royally received by Generalissimo and Madame Chang Kai-shek. But in his travels he will meet a number of leaders who cannot be considered all-out allies of this country, and he will face highly skeptical audiences. Is he prepared, for instance, for conversations on a high intellectual level with a man like Nehru, that sophisticated and almost petulantly independent statesman?

Mr. Nixon has been called a great salesman by his California friends who know him well. But does he realize that the world is developing a strong sales resistance to American advertising techniques? Indeed, we need to send around the world not salesmen of Americanism but candid, forceful Americans, with a touch of greatness.

We are fully aware that there is nothing like power and the responsibility of a great public office to hasten the maturing process in an ambitious and personable young man. But the education of Richard Nixon could be disastrously affected by a holiday from the Washington school of responsibility and a premature exposure to the eyes and ears of a critical world.

The Chance We Take

No matter what may happen later, Thursday, July 9, will remain a fine day for democracy. On that day we

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all saw how free men, acting concertedly, can win battles for decency without resorting to intrigue or secret cabals.

First, there were the churchmen who utilized their Constitutional right of petition to the President against the irresponsible attacks being made on the clergy. The President, as the chief spokesman for all the people, made prompt use of his own undeniable right to answer.

Second, that was the day when the New York *Times* published both a summary of the Jackson report and Dr. Robert L. Johnson's admirable statement on how the U.S. libraries abroad should be run.

Then a Washington paper, the *Evening Star,* offered a heartening instance of the free press measuring up to its responsibility. At noon on that Thursday, the *Star* appeared on the newsstands with a biography of J. B. Matthews that did as much as anything to make the Senate aware of what kind of man McCarthy had called to head the staff of a Senate committee.

The newspaper story contained facts, not opinions, about how Matthews had conducted a long vendetta against the Protestant clergy, first from the extreme Left and now from the extreme Right. The *Star* acted as an investigator of the news and not simply as a mechanical recorder of whatever the politicians care to have repeated.

Finally, when Senator Charles E. Potter of Michigan voted with his Republican colleagues to give McCarthy full power to hire and fire members of the investigating committee staff, Senators McClellan, Jackson, and Symington resigned. That day, McCarthy appeared weak and bumbling indeed. He backed and filled all over the lot, first differentiating between professional and clerical appointments (it must have been galling to Matthews to be called a clerk), then claiming absolute power, and finally, after actually receiving this power, admitting that the committee had the authority to give it or deny it all along.

As we go to press we don't know how the new round of McCarthy's attack—this time against the Central Intelligence Agency—will end. As always, it all depends on the President: Will he stand up against McCarthy this time too? Recently we have been outspoken in saying how deeply concerned we are with the harm that the President can do both to the nation and to himself by inaction. We are happy to applaud him for what, in our opinion, he has done well, and we are glad to express once more our hope in him. When this issue of *The Reporter* reaches our readers, they will know more than we do now. They may think that we have been naïve and overconfident. We don't mind at all. This is a chance we like to take.

The Responsible Shadows

We rubbed our eyes with amazement recently when we read a statement that—unless we are utterly mistaken—indicates a complete change in Senator William F. Knowland's attitude toward Red China. The Senator, talking about the truce negotiations, complained: "The Chinese Communist regime, which has been declared the aggressor by the United Nations and which supplied most of the armed forces, and with the help of the Soviet Union supplied the planes, tanks, guns and ammunition, has not been a party to the negotiations, does not sign the armistice and does not guarantee that the armistice will be respected once it is entered into. . . . No responsible official of that regime signs or underwrites anything."

If the Senator wants our representatives to deal face to face with the official representatives of Red China, he must think that the time has come to recognize Mao's régime. How can a government enter an agreement with us while at the same time we deny its existence? It seems to us that Senator Knowland might have done better for himself if he had remained satisfied with the fiction that the Chinese fighting in Korea were "volunteers" — soldiers from nowhere, utterly unconnected with any responsible government.

THE ONE-EYED PRESS
or
DEPENDS ON HOW YOU LOOK AT IT

When Truman used to go to Key West
For a rest
They all said "Yah—what a shirt—neglecting the nation!"

But when Ike takes a day off (or three)
At Burning Tree
Everybody beams at such a deserved vacation.

When the former President smiled
Everybody got riled
And said "Imagine smiling in such a serious state of affairs."

But Ike can stretch a grin
Till the cows come in
And they call it "radiance," or courage in a man of such cares.

When Truman made a mistake
They told him to go jump in the lake—
But anything that goes badly now is just inexperience,

And instead of a "mess,"
The nation's press
Calls it "problems" or "the difficulties are immense."

What a treat it must be
To evoke such reportorial charity—
Every Republican cloud has a silver linotyping
And somebody has hidden away all the type set up for griping.

—Sec

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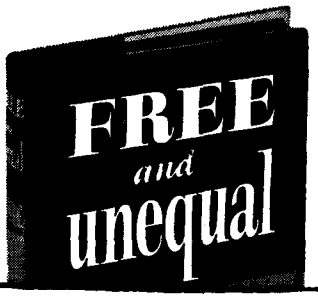

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The Reporter

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CORRESPONDENCE

THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD

To the Editor: Once more the hunt is on. In a country which has placed its faith in education and freedom, the little men scurry around with magnifying glasses, discovering in their myopia that everything is not written the way they want it. Around and around the little men run, poking into corners of the past, jabbing blindly where the dust has finally settled. And gleeful even to find the shoddy remnants of old ideas, long ago discarded.

The timid probings become a roar. The weakhearts, with scarcely an idea to the dozen, of a sudden become intellectual giants, ready to save the unsuspecting multitudes from the strange undefined poison of subversion. The poison spreads. Books long unread, written still longer ago, become somehow infested with that horrible virus, and confidential memoranda circulate. The books disappear off the shelf, and then reside in a packing box in the basement—pending. The pinheads want more; one says thirty thousand books in our overseas libraries have suddenly become unfit. One envisions them, a real multitude of books, now like lepers, once innocent upon the shelves. Thirty thousand, some good and some bad, a variety of thought imprisoned, yet all with due protocol escorted to the ash heap. Not burned, mind you, but merely placed out of reach—pending. The pinheads swell!

Once upon a time, books were burned in Germany. The good Germans turned their heads the other way. The thoughtful Germans cried. Generations of thought and humanity snuffed out by the crackling flames, in the shout-filled night, when the doors were rent open by mobs in search of still more fuel for the fire.

America, 1953. The progress of the world is measured by subtility. Nobody wants to burn books any more. It's easier to issue directives. Besides, it can't happen here. We've got more colleges, more public education, more precious freedom than anywhere else in the world. We are therefore immune from the mob, and tomorrow is always supposed to get a little bit better than today.

Except that the little men run around with their little minds, jabbing at the air. Unrest is about, unrest of thinking people, unrest of those who live without thinking. An era of distrust dawns, like some gray morning without color, and mocking laughter is in the streets.

ROMOLO TOIGO
New York

TALK, TALK, TALK

To the Editor: Although William Lee Miller's article "Religion, Politics, and the 'Great Crusade'" (*The Reporter,* July 7) was, in my opinion, an excellent analysis of President Eisenhower's religious philosophy, I take sharp issue with the statement: "Above all, Mr. Eisenhower has a mind which detests ambiguity and insists on clarity." If his speeches offer any indication of his mental preferences, the President thrives on vagueness and ambiguity. His "book-burning" speech and the ensuing press conferences were a classic example of obscurantism. Newspaper reporters spent days in a futile attempt to interpret the President's remarks, which, if they did nothing else, betrayed his abysmal ignorance of the State Department's stupid and cowardly book-purging program. As is so often the case, the President's moral crusade, with its guiding principle of pleasing all Republicans, and above all, not offending Senator McCarthy's flock, consists of pious platitudes in place of the necessary action.

C. W. GRIFFIN
Erlton, New Jersey

THE FIRST SEX

To the Editor: In "A Woman Looks at Men's Magazines" (*The Reporter,* July 7) Naomi Barko analyzes the basic trends in men's magazines. In her conclusion she says: "They [the magazines] can discover no more heroes." Wonderful! In the matriarchal system predominant in our culture, the male, in order to assert himself somehow, has to dwell upon the he-man ideal of pioneer days. The more oppressive and awkward the reality, the more unrealistic and exaggerated his escape into the heroship. With the growing tendency to make "the hero" more and more heroic, the myth had to explode one day. No tears will be shed if it really does explode.

MARIAN F. AXEL, M.D.
New York

To the Editor: I'm delighted to see that *The Reporter* has added a humor section. Naomi Barko's "A Woman Looks at Men's Magazines" strikes me as funny enough for a belly-laugh. Why not continue the series with "An Amoeba Looks at a Biochemist"?

Look, chums, if the men's magazines appealed to ladies like Naomi they'd be ladies' magazines. For Pete's sake, let's reserve some reading matter for the Male Animal.

THEODORE IRWIN
Editor, *Real*
The Exciting Magazine for Men
New York

To the Editor: Naomi Barko's "A Woman Looks at Men's Magazines," an excellent survey of the literature of what one has come to regard as the cult of masculinity, fails to point up the state of affairs from which the cult has risen.

The literature deals with violence: war, big-game hunting, the more active sports, and vigorous crime—generally, with the occupations and diversions beyond woman's physical capacity. It is the one area in which a man can maintain some of his masculine prerogatives (in fancy at least) beyond the intrusion of domesticity and the maternalistic society which is in being or aborning.

His father has had escape from domesticity, too—from the early perils of maternalism. In upstairs halls, with guarded doors, where no woman's laugh could intrude, with nickeled sword at side, dressed in a red bellyband and a trick hat with feathers on it, he had hours as a knight or baron. Stronger stuff was needed by the son to escape the grim fact that his influence in his household had come to rate only a notch above the family cat. Where his father was keeper of the family budget and purchasing agent for his dependents, the son now passes through a normal lifetime without buying more than his petty extravagances from his allowance. He buys cigarettes for a few cents, but the wife replaces last year's electric range with the new one with built-in cigarette lighter for hundreds of dollars. His functions now are only those of the main provider of funds and his part in the business of procreation.

Until woman has laughed war out of existence, until the last of the game is gone, until man has indisputably fallen to the state of the spider's mate, he will seek escape in a dream world beyond woman's invasion. It will exist in the literature of the cult of masculinity, until that itself is laughed out of existence by woman. Naomi Barko has smiled pityingly, but other women will jeer.

A. P. HILL
New York

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"...THE MATING OF BAMBOO WITH BLOOD AND IRON."

Report on MAO'S CHINA

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WHO— WHAT— WHY—

•

IN THIS ISSUE "The Ramparts We Watch" are discussed. The editorial looks at the diplomatic posture of the United States and at causes which paralyze foreign policy. Following articles deal with concrete problems of preparedness.

A BOXER trains and makes the weight, but when a fight is postponed indefinitely a man breaks training. That is also how it is with armies. An army can be trained and sent into combat, but in time of peace it is supremely difficult to keep it at the ready. Gibbon tells what happens when you don't and an emergency arises: The Praetorians "quitted, with a sigh, the pleasures of the baths and theatres, to put on arms, whose use they had almost forgotten, and beneath the weight of which they were oppressed. The unpractised elephants . . . threw their unskilful riders . . ." The Praetorians were defeated. It is not impossible, however, to keep troops fit and ready; and the Big Red One and its brother divisions standing guard in Germany are being kept in combat trim. Our correspondent, **Theodore H. White,** describes the U.S. First Infantry Division's proud spirit.

No clear-cut formula can ever cover the kind and amount of armament this nation must have, but as **Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.,** points out, the problem cannot even be discussed unless one is aware of the relationship between armament and diplomacy. Only a balanced and flexible military power can provide our diplomacy with the freedom of maneuver it needs to meet the changing nature of the enemy threat.

WHY, in the recent Italian elections, did the Communists gain votes precisely in those regions of the south where the De Gasperi Government had tried hardest to better the lot of the peasants? Staff writer **Claire Sterling** traveled through eroded Apulia and barren Calabria to talk with government engineers at work there, and with the land-starved population they were attempting to help. Her report shows what difficulties hamper land reform.

It seems probable that James Madison, fourth President of the United States and framer of the Bill of Rights, would have some pretty pointed things to say to Senator John W. Bricker of Ohio in regard to the latter's proposal to limit the President's powers. Their imaginary dialogue is recorded by **William H. Hessler.**

IF HIGH TARIFFS were in fact vital to the life of the American economy, all arguments against them would be somewhat academic. **Bruno Foa,** who during the war was on the staff of the Federal Reserve Board, argues that high tariffs do not really help the things they are supposed to help and in some cases actually harm our economy. This being so, international economic co-operation rather than a philanthropic dream is the only basis on which our nation can continue to prosper.

Helen Hill Miller, until recently Washington representative of the *Economist* of London, knows the teeming world of Washington government employees at first hand. In "D.P.s in D.C." she reports results of the new economy drive.

In our "Views and Reviews" section, **Marya Mannes** continues her discussion of how our major networks handle the news; **H. B. David** recalls some of Colonel McCormick's earlier European adventures; and **James Munves** writes about a typical small-town newspaper; **Daniel Aaron** about Sinclair Lewis.

Our cover, which shows U.S. First Infantry Division troops assaulting OMAHA Beach on June 6, 1944, is by a painter who knows what action is —**John McDermott,** four years a combat artist with the Marine Corps.

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Lincoln's Nation

THE ECLIPSE of foreign policy seems to be a common pattern of the events that have been happening thick and fast in several sections of the world. The Germans, we are told, after the workers' insurrections in the Communist-held part of their country, have no cause closer to their hearts than the speediest possible achievement of national unity. Syngman Rhee cares now, as always throughout his long life, about nothing but Korea. Soviet Russia has gone back to its old game of catching its deadliest enemy agents right in the Kremlin.

In our own country, foreign policy appears to a number of ingenuous and disingenuous people as a foreigners' policy—a policy from which only foreigners benefit. The Bricker amendment, the two- or three-year limit set for the winding up of our economic and military aid to the Allies, the unrelenting campaign against the State Department—all this points to the same conclusion: Foreign policy is a shady thing that attracts only shady characters.

Lately, among skillful professional analysts of political affairs an inclination has developed to consider the various eruptions of exasperated nationalisms as a force of nature beyond the control of American or Allied statesmanship.

FOR SOME strange reason, other peoples' nationalisms exert a mesmerizing influence on us. This applies particularly to the juvenile nationalisms flourishing in lands that still are or recently were colonies. The claim to self-determination, no matter who raises it or under what conditions, is always likely to strike a responsive chord in many an American heart. Whenever the leader or would-be leader of a nationalist movement anywhere on earth speaks in the name of Thomas Jefferson and of the Declaration of Independence, his argument becomes well-nigh unanswerable. Recently, on the floor of the Senate, the advocates of complete sovereignty for Vietnam, Laos, and Cambodia reached a pitch of contagious enthusiasm. The defiant attitude of His Majesty Norodom Sihanouk found a warm response in this country—unmarred by any knowledge of Cambodian affairs and unassisted by any Cambodian Lobby.

IT IS proper and right that this country take a friendly attitude toward the self-determination of peoples everywhere. However, this country overcame the greatest threat to its existence thanks to Abraham Lincoln, who at the cost of a fratricidal war denied the right of self-determination to the Southern states. To Lincoln, the Union was not the jewel of a crown that a benign sovereign could reluctantly yet gracefully dispose of. The Union was the people's patrimony, and it had to be maintained against all passions fanned by sectional interests or by ideologies.

It is strange indeed that Lincoln's lesson is not considered in our days as the one from which we must derive guidance in the conduct of our affairs, for Lincoln is the one President who, by preserving the Union, made America the world power it is today. In the public square of every Latin-American capital there is the statue of a local Washington or Jefferson. But there is only one Lincoln in the world. Ever since it was founded, this country has been the most successful example of self-determination. Since Lincoln, it has become also the most successful example of union.

The people—our own and all the others—are best served when united in compacts strong and broad enough to make their self-government effective. In our days, nations old and new, juvenile and senile, serve the people's need when they have their independence defined and limited by their partnership in larger compacts. It is the function of a great democratic power like ours to see to it that the new nations do not waste their newly acquired freedom by making it an end in itself.

As to the old nations—Germany foremost, since it is in Germany that the people are fighting now for their freedom—it is up to our country to prove that the causes of national independence, of justice toward the workers, and of European union are but different aspects of one great cause: the establishment of a free united Europe—a responsible and vital partner of the free world. Why shouldn't our government prepare, together with the government of West Germany, for the absorption of the impoverished eastern section into a reunited, prosperous country? Why shouldn't our government set as its goal in Europe the ultimate reintegration of the eastern nations into a Europe *of* the European people, run *by* them *for* their own interests?

BUT, it has been said, this is the era of rampaging, uncheckable nationalisms. This is also the era, it has been said by somebody else on Capitol Hill, when we should put a definite stop to our concern with other people's welfare. So we should say farewell to our system of interlocking alliances, farewell to the Atlantic community and to the hope of a united Europe, farewell to everything our country has worked for since the end of the war—and how do you do to nothing.

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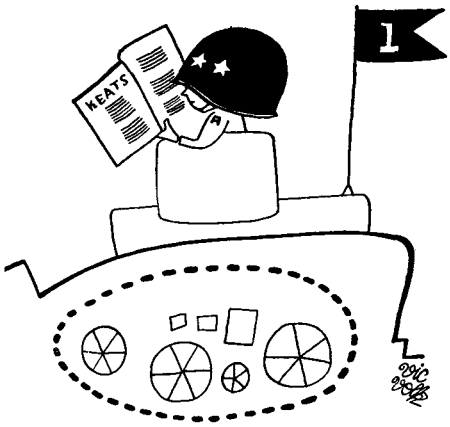
The Big Red 'One': Power at the Ready



THEODORE H. WHITE

In China about a generation ago there flourished a mustachioed general named Wu P'ei-fu. Wu P'ei-fu was noteworthy among the practitioners of his craft for his ability to demonstrate to bug-eyed civilians exactly what a division was.

To do this, General Wu would invite visitors to his parade ground in the outskirts of Loyang. There on the yellow plain they would be greeted by the division commander and his staff. The division commander would shout an order to a deputy, a piercing whistle would follow, and things would begin to happen. Far in the distance across the fields, thousands of antlike figures would come boiling from a long row of cubelike barracks. Like the froth of a thin wave, these tiny figures would tumble forward, stretched over a line several miles long.

Then, gradually, coagulation would begin. Within a few hundred yards the wave would clot in sections and squads; the squads would gather in platoons; the platoons in companies. Now the thin wave would be a thickening rank of men in oblongs. At this point the companies would suddenly click together in battalions, and the battalions, advancing a few hundred yards more, would go into a spasm out of which would emerge three bunched, compact regiments. The solid blocks of men would clomp steadily forward in the Chinese goose step, their thudding tread shaking the ground, until a final convulsion of maneuver in the dust threw them all together in one single, massive rectangle of manpower—a full division. Then, just as the huge rolling square of men seemed about to pound visitors and staff alike into the ground, the whistle would blow once more and the intolerable cadence of march would halt as several acres of men and rifles banged to a stop directly before the reviewers. "This," General Wu P'ei-fu would say, "is my First Division."

Many an American general would envy General Wu P'ei-fu—not for the rabble in arms he commanded, but for the demonstration he could put on with them. For though no accounting of funds was ever demanded of General Wu by Congress or taxpayers, he could always show precisely what his Chinese dollars were buying in combat soldiery. Today, when the United States is paying some $20 billion a year to maintain, at home and around the globe, twenty packaged units of fighting and devastation called divisions, many an American general wishes he could show as flashily as did Wu P'ei-fu what an American citizen gets when he buys these divisions.

But no American general can. By doctrine and strategy, America's divisions are organized not for parade-ground demonstration but for fighting anywhere in the world; America's divisions are built not to be seen but to be felt.

The 300-Mile Border

A few weeks ago, I visited an American division in Germany. Like Wu P'ei-fu's, it was called the First Infantry Division. But between the Big Red One of the United States Army, stationed on the Thuringian ridges, and the First Infantry Division of Wu P'ei-fu in Honan there was nothing more in common than the magic of the name. Just one of the nine battalions of the U.S. First Infantry packs more firepower than the entire division of the Chinese commander.

In the flesh, the First Infantry, like any division in the United States Army, consists of no more than 18,000-odd American citizens in uniform. Along with the five other American divisions on the 300-mile border between East Germany and the U.S.-held sector of West Germany, it is expected to catch and hold any assault the Red Army might choose to mount. Considering that each division's frontage stretches fifty-odd miles, and that the seventy-five-mile stretch of the Ardennes through which the Germans attacked in December, 1944, was held by three divisions, that responsibility is heavy.

The basic principle with which any American division approaches its job of fighting is as old as the first assembly of Bronze Age warriors: Human flesh is soft and metal is hard. A division is, therefore, a gathering of men brought together to propel into enemy flesh a thousand different combinations—metal propelled from rifles or automatic weapons, metal exploded in jagged, shattered fragments from bursting shells, chemicals sprayed in burning jelly or clinging phosphorus. To make possible the weaving together of all these and an infinite number of other impacts in one seamless canopy of fire that can be lowered over any portion of its fifty miles of front, the United States Army has prepared for the First—as for every other division—a panel of instruments of death.

The First Division, then, is simply a device for the orchestration of no fewer than twenty-seven different instruments of combat. The tools run from the bayonet, which reaches the length of arm plus rifle, all the way up to the eighteen howitzers of

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its medium artillery (155-mm.) battalion, each of which can throw 133 pounds of metal and high explosives with great accuracy for a distance up to eight miles. In between is an almost unbelievable array of other tools—thousands of rifles for the riflemen, carbines for almost everyone, pistols for the officers. There are several kinds of machine guns—light ones for the swift, crouching, racing advance and heavy ones for the continuous emplaced fire of defense. Three kinds of mortars can loop shells through the air to land with precision on isolated pockets of resistance. Two kinds of bazookas are available to hurl shaped charges at the armor plate of enemy tanks. Fifty-four fieldpieces of light 105-mm. artillery are at the division's disposal; there are mines, grenades, machine pistols, recoilless artillery, and two kinds of anti-aircraft gun. Finally, there are the tanks—130-odd of them, forty-seven-tonners that can rumble at thirty-five miles an hour to the point of contact where their 90-mm. automatic-sighting high-velocity rifles can be brought to bear.

Money and Firepower

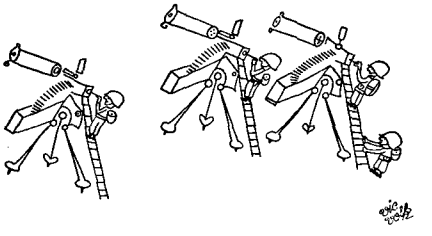
The price tags on the hardware of the First Division run from $20 for the light bazooka tube up to $265,000 for the bright new M-47 General Pershing tanks. All together, the United States government estimates that it costs the taxpayer $157 million just to stock the division with tools before any accounting is made of the costs for men, food, training, gasoline, housing, and ammunition.

Not all of this $157 million is invested in weapons, to be sure, for to make the weapons efficient all sorts of other equipment are needed too. To make the entire orchestration of combat instantly responsive to the will of its commander, the Big Red One's signal company needs $6 million in communications equipment—hundreds of radios of twelve different kinds, 1,100 miles of telephone wire, a dozen mobile switchboards, teletype machines, four mobile command communications cars, and power generators. The engineer battalion demands $1.3 million in clam shovels, bulldozers, pile drivers, cranes, bridging materials, and mines. The ordnance battalion needs $20 million worth of machines and vehicles to keep the division mobile and be able to repair anything from featherweight watches and sighting devices to the turrets and guns of the tanks.

Nor can a division be created simply by buying the requisite amount of hardware. The investment in human beings—in their training, education, movement, housing, and feeding—is so much greater than the investment in hardware that no U.S. Army statistician has yet been able to come up with any adequate estimate of the value of the social, as opposed to the metallic, capital sunk in the division.

Yet all these men serve the weapons. On paper, their organization looks deceptively simple—a neat pyramid of triangles. Three squads of ten men each fit into a platoon, three platoons into a company, three companies into a battalion, three battalions into a regiment, three regiments into the division itself.

What makes this simple structure so complicated is that all the way up,



the pyramid bulges with pockets of special strength—each bulge being the repository of one of the many special devices of fire that support the individual rifleman at the front. Every commander in the structure has an increasingly heavy battery of these weapons at his personal disposal. The platoon commander at the very bottom has, in addition to three rifle squads, a special weapons squad carrying a light mortar, automatic rifle, and light machine gun. Above him, his company commander has, in addition to three such line platoons, his own weapons platoon, with heavier mortars and recoilless artillery. The battalion commander, in turn, controls three such companies plus a heavy-weapons company that adds heavier mortars, heavier machine guns, and heavier recoilless guns. His regimental commander, in turn, controls three such battalions.

But at regimental level the pyramid gets even heavier backing—an entire company of heavy tanks, an entire company of very heavy mortars, and usually an entire battalion of eighteen artillery pieces. The division commander at the pinnacle controls not only three line regiments of this type but a headquarters battalion of sixty-odd tanks, eighteen pieces of medium 155-mm. artillery, and a reconnaissance company of light M-24 tanks. And to keep the entire fighting force fit, trim, and alert, the divisional commander also possesses thousands of noncombatant specialists—police and signal companies, hospital, engineer, and ordnance battalions, a replacement company through which all divisional replacements are funneled to their division units, and a nineteen-plane scouting air force.

Out front are the dogfaces—the individual riflemen of the rifle squads, no more than 2,500 of them—the fingertips pointing where resistance is, plucking out the burr, if it be small enough, with platoon tools. Behind come the knuckles, the special weapons that move forward with the riflemen. Still farther back are the biceps, the divisional artillery, mortars, and heavier weapons; and behind all are the divisional tanks, the shoulder to the wheel to give the final shove. If the division holds, Europe holds. If the division disintegrates, then all falls apart and it is no longer a division but simply 18,000 frightened men, material to fill prisoner-of-war cages.

. . . To Roll with a Punch

This is the constitution and structure of any U.S. infantry division, ordained as the Law of the Medes and the Persians by the Tables of Organization and Equipment of the United States Army. But each division is different. What makes each different are a few simple things—time, place, tradition, and leadership.

For the Big Red One the time is now and the place is Germany at the frontier. America, being a democracy, bound in alliance with other democracies, cannot strike over any frontier in attack. American divisions facing armies of dictatorship must be prepared to join battle on the defensive. And, since the enemy

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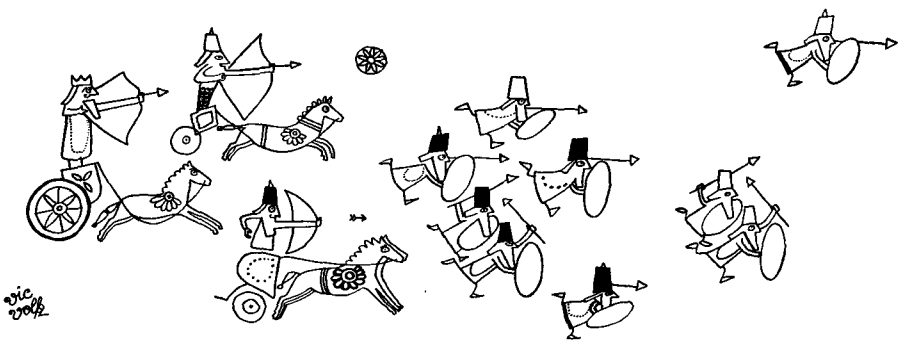

will not strike unless he is sure of initial superiority, the American divisions that face him must be prepared to accept a first punch of overpowering strength, roll with it, fall back, and hold somewhere in their rear a line where reserve strength can be gathered for counterattack.

Thus the First must be ready to pack up what amounts to an entire town, put it on the road, and make it function at any hour of the day or night. It lives in dispersed units sprawled in position through many German villages and towns. Its men sleep on their cots with helmets beside them, combat boots by their beds, combat packs loaded and within arm's reach, rifles and weapons stacked in the arms rooms. Even in sleep their ears are cocked for the sound of the siren that tells them of an alert.

Division commander, corps commander, or army commander can call a practice alert at any time. At once, everything is on wheels. Headquarters, hospital, signals, guns, tanks, platoons, regiments move on the instant. Division ordnance operates its normal machine and repair shops out of huge army trucks that are always fueled, loaded, and pointed toward the open gate. When the siren sounds, thousands of vehicles are ready to pour over appointed roads to appointed places and there await the word of command that would co-ordinate their fire over the breaches the enemy might seek to make.

Modern Legionaries

The First shares this tension and mobility with its brother divisions on the German front. What gives it its own singular personality is tradition. Tradition is the only way of explaining why the First, made of the same kind of Americans as other units in the frontier guard, should boast of so many other firsts—first in spit and polish, first in efficiency ratings, first in the Army's European football and baseball leagues, first in boxing, first in re-enlistments. Tradition, somehow, is what has preserved the pride in the skills of arms since the Big Red One was among the first to hit the beaches of Africa, Sicily, and Normandy (OMAHA), and to move up to the German border.

When General John J. Pershing was ordered to create the first modern American division and leave for France in 1917, he scoured the indolent American army of that day for component units that might match the battle-tested units of Europe they would have to meet. The infantry outfits he chose were the 16th, 18th, and 26th Regiments, whose battle records ran from the Mexican War through the Civil War and the Indian wars into the twentieth century. Into the division he made of them he packed the oldest artillery unit in American history, the 5th Field Artillery Battalion—including its famous Battery D, founded by Alexander Hamilton, the only link between the ragged Continentals of Washington and the U.S. Army of today. For their engineers, he chose the First Engineer Battalion, which had fought at Vera Cruz and Mexico City, at Cold Harbor and Spotsylvania.

The division made of these parts not only fought the First World War to its end but was the only such unit not disbanded in the interwar years.

The First, it is now obvious, won't go home soon. War scares and peace offensives may follow one upon the other in the cycle of politics. The First hasn't been home since 1941. Where it bivouacs—whether the name of the town be Schweinfurt, Würzburg, Aschaffenburg, or Bamberg—there the American flag flies. Wives and children follow the division, supported by Army schools, post exchanges, bingo games, dentists, and obstetricians. The division's soldiers, like Roman legionaries, have brought with them the families they plan to defend. Like the Romans, they are dug in for the future as far ahead as the eye can see. Like the Romans, they are prepared to fight.

Pistol-Packing Poet

It is a commonplace in the United States Army that a good general can make a bad division good, but that a good division cannot do the same for a bad general. A bad general, indeed, can take a good division and, within a year, let its tensions go slack, its skills rust, its cohesion wither—all without stirring from his desk.

The portraits on the walls of the First Division Headquarters reveal commanders who were stern-faced, hard-lined, hard-drinking men, visages rocky and unbending, hewn out of American granite. It is perhaps symbolic of the changing traditions of the First and of the changing attitude of America to the world that the present commander of the First should be so abrupt a change of type. Major General C. T. Lanham, commander of the First Division today, is a lithe, tanned, slight-figured man who bears what the Army of yesterday would have considered the greatest handicap in the career of arms. This handicap consists of a literate eloquence that vents itself in occasional flights of poetry that have adorned some of America's most distinguished journals.

To balance this handicap, Lanham's record offers a number of major compensating items: one of the corniest of Army nicknames—"Buck"; a mastery of cussing which, even in the profane upper aristocracy of the Army, is proverbial; and finally a combat record of killing and violence bloody enough to impress even the most indifferent soldier.

THE PROBLEMS of the First Division in German garrisons span all the perplexities of America in an age of transition, an age in which the

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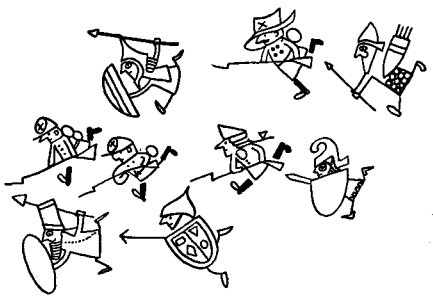


citizen-in-arms rather than the lifetime soldier is the heart of the defense effort.

Every three or four years the entire division, like the cells of a body, is replaced with new man-material. The division commander must make sure that however disturbing and profound the rotation, the permanent skills, personality, and cohesion of the division are never lost. He must preside over the rhythm of the season which starts the draftee off in the fall with individual drill, followed in the winter by squad drill, in spring by problems of platoon and company, in summer by problems of battalion and regiment, so that by the next fall the entire division can exercise as a single unit in the great war games before it dissolves to begin training again with the fresh soldiers arriving from home.

The division commander must be able to take the complicated problem of men and organization and break it down into individual faces so that his regiments and battalions are not beheaded of experienced men at one fell swoop. He must see that his division changes faces slowly, evenly, so that the lump of the new and the leaven of the old constantly balance each other and the division is as fine an instrument of combat when he hands it over to his successor as it was when he took it from his predecessor.

On Being a General

The Table of Organization and Equipment can define the task and function of any human or metallic part of the great division—except that of its commander, which is generalship. Generalship is still a matter of trudging through the mud watching the soldiers with their rifles and making a mental note that some boys are jerking their triggers, not squeezing them. In Lanham's First Division, it is important that dark-skinned and light-skinned Americans get along with each other as citizens because that's the way America is going these days. Lanham's First Division is going that way very successfully.

Generalship is still a man at a map, his finger slowly tracing a valley approach on his position and the finger stopping at the preselected ridge where he knows he can dig in and hold. But in Lanham's First Division it is also the whitewashed, sunny school building of Colonel Phil Mock's Sixteenth Regiment, where Puerto Rican Americans are learning English. "The Army can be a moral slum," says Lanham, "or it can be a place where you make citizens." American boys will be entering the U.S. Army and making a two-year home of it for many years to come. When Lanham launched the Information and Education Program of the United States Army from a staff desk in Washington six years ago, it was considered a very fancy idea. Now, as division commander, Lanham wants to make it work. The reason, he says, is simple: Better citizens make better soldiers.

Generalship is, finally, a lonesome man at night sitting by his radio, wondering.... Chinese launched another attack on Old Baldy in Korea today; that's one kind of war, the bitter, grinding, dug-in kind of war; here in Germany it would be another kind—a war of movement, of swift, quick, sure decisions. The General's mind runs over his dispositions, the men sleeping in German villages and towns. They may never have to fire their guns to kill. But they must be there. Difficult to explain why they must be there . . . tried to say it once in a poem . . . how does that poem go now?

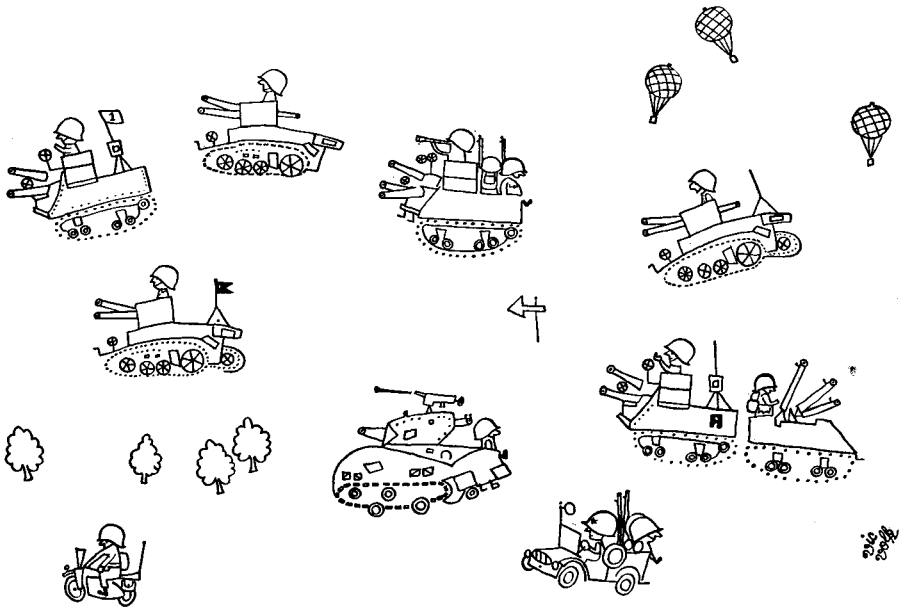
The stars swing down the western steep,
And soon the East will burn with day
And we shall struggle up from sleep,
And sling our packs and march away.

In this brief hour before the dawn
Has struck our bivouac with flame,
I think of men whose brows have borne
The iron wreath of deadly fame.

I see the legion wheel through Gaul,
The sword and flame on hearth and home
And all the men who had to fall
That Caesar might be first in Rome.

I see the grizzled grenadier,
The dark dragoon, the gay hussar,
Whose shoulders bore for many a year
Their little Emperor's blazing star.

I see these things, still am I slave
When banners flaunt and bugles blow,
Content to fill a soldier's grave
For reasons I shall never know.



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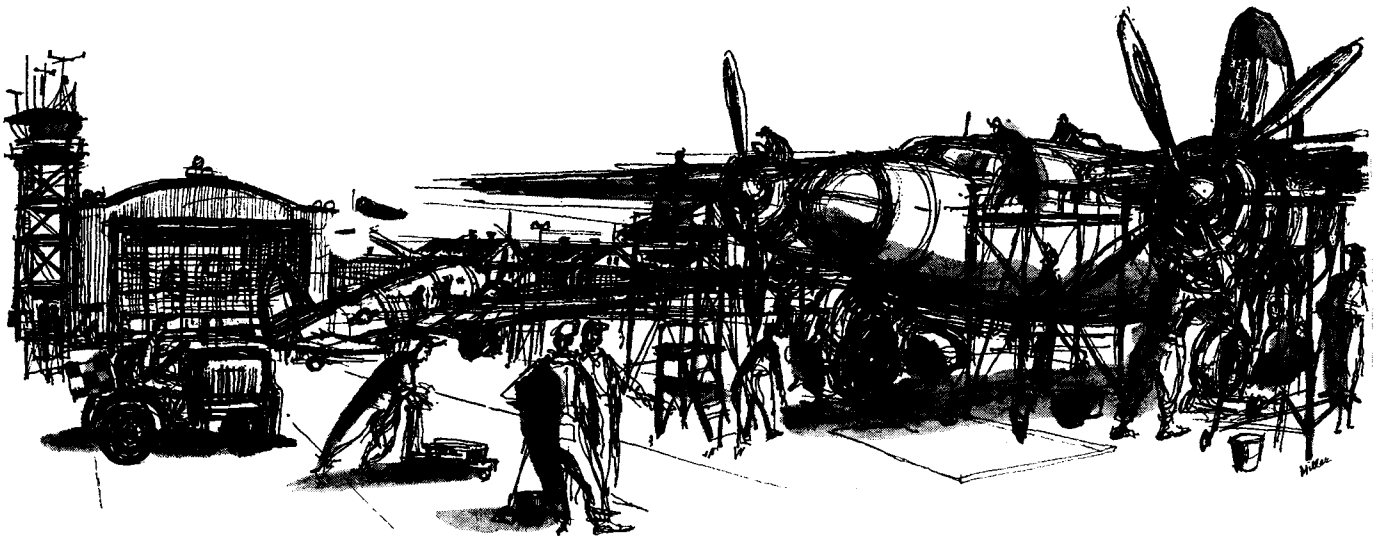

Military Force: How Much and Where?

ARTHUR M. SCHLESINGER, Jr.

It is wholly conceivable that there is nothing more vital to our survival than the decisions we take this year on the level and posture of our military power. Yet no decisions of public policy will be taken in more invincible ignorance. No one really "knows," for example, whether we shall need 120 or 143 or 265 air wings in the years ahead, or one or six or twenty-five aircraft carriers of the *Forrestal* class, or *x* or *y* or *z* hydrogen bombs. There are, as President Eisenhower likes to say, "no magic numbers."

Still the past may not be an entirely useless guide. The experience of recent years throws a good deal of light on the two issues that emerged most sharply from the swirl and crosscurrents of the recent defense debate. One issue is the question of the balance of our defense effort. The other is the question of the size of our defense effort.

The first issue has occasioned a fierce struggle behind locked doors in scientific laboratories and in the headquarters of the Air Force, and erupting latterly into newspaper columns and magazine articles. It is a struggle between those who want to concentrate our defense efforts on atomic weapons and the Strategic Air Command and those who favor what they call a "balanced" defense. It has turned some of our ablest Air Force officers, beginning with General Hoyt Vandenberg, and some of our most notable scientists, beginning with Dr. J. Robert Oppenheimer, into bitter antagonists; and it has raised basic questions about the best design for future American security. At the same time, the second question—that of size—has been the issue of the current defense debate. And it has become increasingly obvious that the issues of "size" and "balance" are so closely intertwined that they cannot be settled separately.

The much-bruited question of "waste," it should be added, is not an issue anywhere. No one has recently been detected advocating a policy of waste. Everyone is boldly and forthrightly against it. But the reductionists believe that money saved by the elimination of waste should go to budget balancing or tax reduction, while the expansionists—whether they believe in defense through air power or through balanced forces—would devote the money saved to weapons development, to more air power, or to continental air defense.

Force and Freedom

Neither the question of size nor that of balance is precisely a new issue. But each involves problems that the American nation comfortably forgot during a century or so of its existence—and of which history has forcibly reminded it in the last dozen years. The Founding Fathers, who had to fight to achieve and to defend our national independence, knew from hard experience the close relationship between military strength and political freedom. But for a considerable stretch of our history—roughly from 1815 to 1915—Americans lost track of this relationship. A century of effortless security established the belief that American safety was guaranteed somehow by the broad oceans, our own republi-

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can virtue, and Almighty God; and that armaments were a matter for jingoes, veterans' organizations, and William Randolph Hearst at home and for imperialists abroad.

Armed strength was accounted not only something distinct from foreign policy but, in the eyes of some, positively hurtful to it. If you had too much armed power, it was reasoned, then the arms themselves would dictate the policy. "If you build all those tanks and guns and planes," as the pacifists used to say back in Nye Committee days, "the generals and the admirals will inevitably try to create situations where they can use them."

Thus, in the national mind, force became a thing apart from freedom. It has taken the agony of the past few years to join them together again —to show not only that the old complacent assumptions were wrong, but that their exact opposite is true.

It is now evident that military power becomes the master of foreign policy not when there is too much of it but when there is too little. It is the absence or lopsidedness of armed strength that allows the military situation to run foreign affairs. When our military policy is inadequate to meet a variety of crises, our foreign policy must become constrained, rigid, and inflexible. Balanced and ample military power is consequently the price we must pay for freedom of national action.

When Weakness Dictates Policy

This lesson shines out from the history of the past decade. The Yalta Conference has been held responsible for every secular calamity from Soviet expansion in Europe and Asia to (almost) the latest influenza epidemic. It is certainly true that Franklin D. Roosevelt made mistakes at Yalta, but his capital mistake, curiously enough, was none of those for which he has been so angrily denounced. His mistake hardly lay, for example, in persuading Stalin to pledge free elections in Soviet-occupied eastern Europe or in getting Stalin to accept the Chiang Kai-shek régime as the government of China and to acknowledge that government's "full sovereignty" over Manchuria.

Roosevelt's Yalta error was of a different order. It happened innocently enough. On the second day, Stalin asked him how long the United States planned to keep occupation troops in Germany. To this fateful question Roosevelt replied: "I can get the people and Congress to co-operate fully for peace but not to keep an army in Europe for a long time. Two years would be the limit." With that answer, Roosevelt indicated to Stalin that America's concrete military interest in Europe would be fleeting, and that therefore American armed power would not be long on hand to guarantee a European settlement. ("How many divisions has the Pope?") A few weeks after Yalta, the publication in a French Communist periodical of Jacques Duclos's excommunication of Earl Browder signalized the change of Soviet policy from wartime co-operation to postwar aggression.

It is easy enough to understand why Roosevelt answered Stalin's question as he did. Only a few months before, in a hard-fought campaign, his Republican opponent had denounced the New Deal Administration for dragging its feet on demobilization. "I believe," Thomas E. Dewey had declared, "that our members of our armed forces should be transported home and released at the earliest practical moment after victory."

This was the overwhelming popular demand in the United States; always a sensitive politician, Roosevelt must have felt he had no choice but to bend with the gale. Moreover, as a responsible national leader, he had his own scheme for offsetting demobilization. It was a twofold plan: One part was the maintenance of American reserve strength through universal military training, and the other was the maintenance of world security through the United Nations. But Roosevelt died, UMT got nowhere, demobilization proceeded, American armed strength dropped from 12 million in 1945 to less than 1.5 million in 1948, and the Soviet Union naturally responded to what it could only regard as a green light for expansion.

An Error Compounded

The initial mistake was perhaps understandable. But then it was compounded in the curious period of 1949-1950, when President Truman's Bureau of the Budget, obsessed with the notion that the American economy could not support a strong military establishment, found in Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson a willing ally in a program of slashing our defense budget. Johnson carried this policy through with the usual cheery slogans: "We will get a lot more for our money; it will be a matter of less money and more defense." He could dismiss any military arguments against retrenchment with the thought that, after all, our strategic air power and our possession of the atomic bomb would deter the Soviet Union from general war. To this belief he sacrificed both size and balance in national defense.

The obvious effect of the policy of relying on the atomic bomb and starving everything else was to commit the United States to an all-or-nothing strategy of defense. By mid-1950, we were down to about ten divisions and to forty-eight air groups, with negligible tactical air strength. As Soviet experts examined the American military posture, they must have concluded that we could respond to total war but to nothing short of total war. We seemed to have no means, for example, of coping with local aggression. Our unbalanced military position quite possibly persuaded the Kremlin that it could risk countenancing (or inciting) satellite aggression in any area where there was reason to think that we would not reply by launching atomic war. Thus, in Korea, the Kremlin may well have been fairly certain that we would not respond by atomic war and, given the posture of our defense, could not respond any other way.

Throughout the Johnson period

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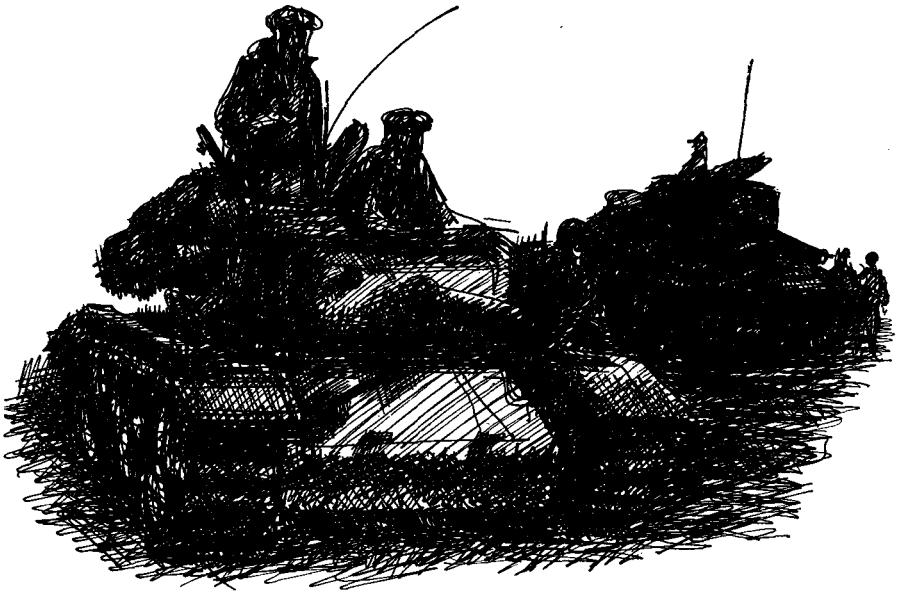

our policy of military weakness, by creating vulnerabilities which the Soviets could not resist exploiting, gave them the initiative and reduced our foreign policy to an appendage of theirs. As Dean Acheson remarked rather bitterly to Edward W. Barrett, his Assistant Secretary of State for Public Affairs, early in 1950: "Ed, we Americans will be insane if we ever again permit ourselves to get in our present relative state of military weakness. This job of trying to hold back those gangsters by diplomacy without having any real strength to back up our talk is about the most difficult thing imaginable."

THE OBJECT of the last Truman defense budget was to retrieve the Johnson error and build the kind of balanced and ample military strength which, by enabling us to respond to a whole range of aggressive threats, would avert enemy experiments in aggression, liberate our diplomacy from bondage to our own vulnerabilities, and enable our foreign policy to become independent, flexible, and affirmative.

Instead of being a latticework, behind which we must stay perpetually on the defensive, our military power could become a shield, behind which we could carry out the constructive tasks of reconstruction and peace. The alternative, of course, would be a defense budget which, through weakness or lopsidedness, might invite forms of aggression short of total war—and thereby attach our foreign policy all the more firmly to the Russian chariot.

Scientists vs. Bombers

For some time, scientists have been much concerned about the strategy of defense. Many of them have had a sense of guilt about the terrible weapons they have invented; some have seemed almost to luxuriate in a kind of moral self-flagellation. They have consequently been profoundly —and often dramatically—unhappy about defense strategies built around the bomb, or which would force resort to atomic weapons for lack of alternatives. This moral impulse has probably been the occasion for their own exploration of possible alternatives. But in their quest they have found support from men in government and out who were aware of the political liabilities involved in our heavy commitment to the bomb, and who have felt that a more versatile defense would emancipate our diplomacy and reassure our Allies.

The problem, then, was to redress the balance. One means was to enlarge our ground forces and their tactical air support. Another—and this one caused the explosion—was the suggested expenditure of several billion dollars for continental air defense. Effective defense measures, Dr. Oppenheimer and others argued, would delay the imminence of the threat and thereby would mean "a disincentive—a defensive deterrent—to the Soviet Union." Such measures would mean that the time when the Soviet Union could be confident of destroying the productive power of America would be farther off. They would mean, said Oppenheimer, that "the continued existence of a real and strong America will be a solid certainty which should discourage the outbreak of war."

The fight over continental defense came into the open last winter when Joseph and Stewart Alsop broke the story in a manner generally favorable to the scientists. To the extremists of strategic air power, this project was downright heresy, since obviously the best defense against Soviet air power was to have the best offensive air force in the world ourselves. The extremist case soon found expression in an article in the May issue of *Fortune* entitled "The Hidden Struggle for the H-Bomb." This article was written (though not signed) by Senior Editor Charles J. V. Murphy, who had just returned from a tour of duty with the Air Force. It was a severe indictment of Oppenheimer and other scientists for their belief that the possession of the world's largest strategic air force would not by itself necessarily guarantee security.

BY THIS time the clash of opinions had already produced much tension and acrimony behind the scenes. Many officers of the Strategic Air Command feared that the continental defense scheme would reduce the role, prestige, and appropriations of SAC. Many scientists, on the other hand, fumed at SAC because it wanted to do such things as build concrete revetments to protect its planes while it resisted the proposal of defense measures for American cities.

The Air Force (or part of it) spoke angrily of "Oppenheimer's persistent campaign to reverse U.S. military strategy" and questioned "the propriety of scientists' trying to settle such grave national issues alone, inasmuch as they bear no responsibility for the successful execution of war plans" (Murphy). The scientists (or some of them) denounced the Air Force as afraid of new ideas and incapable of understanding the "vital element" in the process of weapons development, "namely the vision, imagination, and experience of the

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scientist who originates the concept" (Lloyd V. Berkner, head of the Brookhaven National Laboratory).

What is, in fact, the scientists' case? It should be made clear at the outset that the scientists do *not*—in spite of *Fortune*—oppose a powerful SAC. (It should perhaps be added that they do not, even beyond the exceptions noted by *Fortune,* all regard Dr. Oppenheimer as their appointed leader.) But many of them do agree with Oppenheimer in opposing the doctrine that strategic air power and atomic weapons constitute the infallible answer to every military contingency. They greatly fear what Oppenheimer calls "our very great rigidity of policy."

They do not feel, for example, that SAC can be relied on to defend the United States against atomic attack. As Dr. Berkner vividly puts it, "The United States has acquired a terrific punch with which to meet an all-out war; but it has at the same time acquired a 'glass jaw,' because of its own vulnerability to atomic attack." Certainly it is hard to see how strategic air power could forestall an atomic Pearl Harbor unless we are to go in for preventive warfare ourselves; and it would be cold comfort for Americans under atomic attack to know that the surprise destruction of their own great cities would be countered by the retaliatory destruction of Russian cities.

What we need, the scientists contend, is better air defense; and various scientific teams, bearing odd names and strange devices (Project Charles, Project Lincoln, Project East River, the Summer Study Group), have devised plans which would make continental air defense effective.

No Freedom of Choice

No layman can finally judge the issues. But it is to be said for the scientists that they do understand the importance of *balance* in military posture, and are opposed to the notion that any single solution is adequate. They favor continental air defense as a means of restoring the balance, not as a strategic cure-all. To the charge that they are attempting to create a Maginot Line psychology, they reply that you cannot build a Maginot Line in the sky. As Dr. Berkner has said, "any military extreme is a 'Maginot Line' that can be outflanked and overwhelmed." And, again, "Our present total reliance on strategic striking force leaves us in the position where it will be effective only if things go as we should like them to go. It is imperative that our national strength be capable of meeting whatever situation arises. . . ."

THIS, after all, is the essential issue. Military policy cannot make peace. But if it can prevent unpleasant situations from arising, it can emancipate foreign policy for the job of peace. If our military posture is such as to embolden the enemy into doing things for which we seem to have no military answers, our diplomacy must work under intolerable handicaps.

The strategic air-power theory commits us to maximum force or nothing. It gives us the choice between making faces at the enemy and blowing up the world. It offers no solution to the typical technique of Soviet aggression, which is not all-out war but a succession of frontier wars. As even Major de Seversky, the vociferous prophet of air power, has conceded: *"Strategic air power, the decisive modern force, does not enter into the Korean equation.* This force is not designed to fight land wars in small and backward countries." What is so decisive about it then? And what good would staking our all on SAC do us in case of satellite aggression in Yugoslavia, Turkey, Iran, India, Burma, or Thailand?

The Rationale of Reduction

In recent weeks, the scientists and SAC have begun to show some signs of getting together. General Nathan Twining, the new air chief, seems far more sympathetic to the requirements of tactical air power and of continental defense than did his predecessor, General Vandenberg. The scientists, for their part, are coming to recognize that "balance" is a useless ideal unless it is balanced on a high enough level so that we have ample reserves of ground, air, and naval power, as well as a strong air defense. But both sides, watching the policy of the Administration and the votes in Congress, fear that the other battle—the battle over size—is lost.

Since both defense-through-air-power and defense-through-balanced-forces depend on an amplitude of military strength, both theories stand to be crippled by sizable reductions in defense spending. Advocates of each were discomfited when the Administration announced its plan to cut defense spending by $5.2 billion.

Why did the Administration decide on this policy? President Eisenhower explained on May 19 that the reduction had been decided upon as the result of a purely military analysis. "We did not set any fixed sum of money to which our defense plans had to be fitted. We first estimated

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what is truly vital to our security." (He did not explain where this left the doctrine of "no magic numbers.") Unfortunately, someone subsequently dug up a letter of May 7 from Budget Director Joseph Dodge to Defense Secretary Wilson, in which Dodge stated that his budget objective required a rescheduling of defense operations so that "expenditures for the military from your agency will be held to a level of about $43.2 billion in the fiscal year 1954." Given such evidence, most Washington observers had little doubt that the defense reductions had been decided upon for political and economic rather than for purely military reasons.

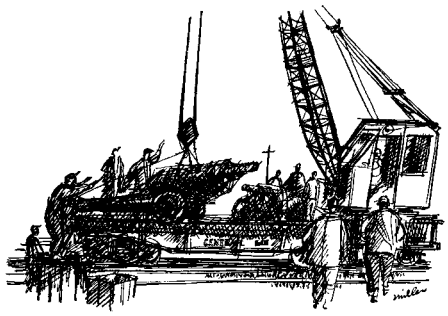
How were these reductions to be justified? Wilson's talk about less money and more defense persuaded nobody who remembered Louis Johnson. The "magic-numbers" doctrine did not go very far. As former Under Secretary of the Air Force R. L. Gilpatric clearly showed in a recent *Reporter* article (June 23, 1953), each service has very specific and urgent missions and its estimate of needs springs from its analysis of these missions.

THE BROADEST attempt to vindicate the new budget was made by Deputy Defense Secretary Roger Kyes in a speech a few weeks ago in Chicago. The Kyes argument was that Americans have been taking Soviet military strength too seriously ("the U.S.S.R. has recently slipped in its potential") while we have been dangerously neglectful of the "Soviet economic strategy." This strategy, according to Kyes, is "based on the philosophy of Lenin, who was convinced that the best way to destroy capitalism was to debauch the currency." Soviet tactics during the cold war, the Deputy Secretary continued, "have been calculated to dissipate our economic resources and capabilities."

By the Kyes analysis, we apparently fell into the enemy trap when we allowed the Kremlin to trick us into massive programs of rearmament. "Unless we insure ourselves against further inflation, resulting from extravagant spending," Kyes went on, "we shall not only fall victim to the Russian economic strategy, but we shall also reduce our capacity to maintain the military strength we are continuing to build up."

The substance of this argument (if it is an honest argument and not just a hasty rationalization of decisions reached because of campaign promises about tax reduction) is that the calculated economic risk of stimulating disastrous inflation through a high defense budget is greater than the calculated military risk of inviting Soviet aggression through defense reductions. It is not likely, however, that many economists would endorse the Kyes economic reasoning—any more than Russian experts would agree with the singular notion that the Kremlin has been deliberately maneuvering us into rearmament. Indeed, our national debt is less of a burden today than it was before we started rearmament in 1948. (It was eighty-eight per cent of the year's gross national product then and is seventy-five per cent now.) As Professor Alvin H. Hansen recently concluded, "A reduction of the defense program can therefore not be justified on economic grounds. This is a political issue, not an economic one."

If it was a political decision, then it was one taken with more of an eye on the politics of the Republican Party than on the politics of the world. For the retrenchment program can only have a generally depressing effect on America's already shaky international position.



Retrenchment, in the first place, is bound to produce serious distortions in the defense structure. The big cut is proposed in the Air Force appropriations for the nonstrategic reason that aircraft procurement is both more costly and less advanced than procurement for the other services, and thus lends itself more easily to large-scale slashing. And the effect here—since the Air Force will naturally do its best to preserve the striking power of SAC—will be to whittle down on tactical aviation and especially on the planned expansion of troop-carrier wings. Imbalance means vulnerability; and vulnerability means the surrender of initiative to the enemy.

The political consequences of retrenchment would appear equally grave. However much we may tell ourselves that the less we spend the mightier we become, there is reason to believe that in parts of the world less habituated to American advertising these claims may be something less than compelling. Nor will "stepping up" our campaign of words over the Voice of America serve in foreign lands as any substitute for the hardware of war. As our military strength contracts, the shield behind which we can carry on the constructive purposes of foreign policy shrinks and our influence inevitably recedes.

THUS both size and balance are sacrificed under the present policy. One can understand why President Roosevelt and Governor Dewey made a mistake in 1945. It is more difficult to understand why President Truman and Secretary Johnson repeated it in 1949. It is far harder to understand why President Eisenhower and Secretary Wilson should make it again in 1953. Of what use is history?

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Southern Italy: Land, Politics, And the Empty Belly

CLAIRE STERLING

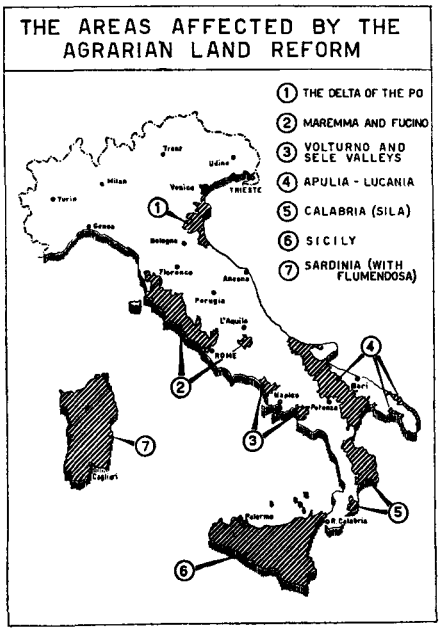
IN THE aftermath of their near-disaster in the recent Italian elections, one of the most painful questions that confront Alcide De Gasperi and his supporters is, What happened to the south? Land reform in the southern provinces was the outstanding achievement of the De Gasperi Government's seven years in power. Presumably these provinces should have been the Christian Democrats' best territory on June 7. But there the Center parties dropped well below their 1948 totals, while the extreme Left picked up three-quarters of a million new votes and the extreme Right found enough strength to move into an assured position in national politics. Of the ninety-four Monarchists and Neo-Fascists now sitting in Parliament, all but eleven come from the districts south of Rome.

The outcome is not only embarrassing for De Gasperi but disturbing to all those who believe that Communism, or any other extremist movement, can best be checked through rational social reform. The land program was rationally conceived, has been in rational execution for three years, and so far seems to have had precisely the wrong effect. If the democratic forces are to survive another election, they will either have to find convincing proof that the project as presently conceived is sound, find a way to make it so, or abandon it entirely before it makes any more enemies.

Much of the opposition to land reform was, of course, inevitable. The big landowners could be counted on to go over to the Right as soon as they lost their land; the Communists were bound to sneer whatever happened. But there are not enough big landlords to account for the rightist vote in June, and the Communists made surprising gains in the districts where land reform was furthest advanced.

The landlords' explanation for this is that the southern peasant is so unmanageable, unreasonable, and ungrateful as to make any effort to help him a waste of money and time. The Communists' explanation is that the peasant is perfectly capable of reason and gratitude but has nothing to be grateful for. Neither opinion satisfies anyone who has met the peasants in question or seen what land reform has done.

From the Banca Nazionale del Lavoro, Rome



Beyond Hope

Even as originally planned, the land-reform program was not designed to solve all of Italy's farm problems. It was to provide land for only a tenth of the Italian farm workers who had none or nearly none, and was to affect only a third of Italian farm acreage. It could not possibly bring real prosperity to all the southern peasants who received land; it might ultimately permit some of them to live a little better than before, but in itself it could never enable them to live very well.

The government's purpose was not so much to redistribute old wealth as to create new. The law for the most part leaves well-run property alone and directs the expropriation only of estates that are used poorly or not at all. Under such terms, the state could free no more than a million and a half acres, on which about half a million men, women, and children would have to support themselves. In most cases that is still impossible. The government's ambition is to enable them to do it some day by gradually bringing the land to life. The vastness of this objective suggests why progress has been so terribly slow and the political rewards so meager.

Some northern pockets of land-reform territory lie in a Tuscan district called the Maremma and in the Po Delta, but most of it lies in the

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southern regions of Apulia, Campania, Lucania, Calabria, and the islands of Sardinia and Sicily.

A TRAVELER can go for miles through Lucania or neighboring Calabria without seeing a tree, a ribbon of green, a house, or a spring of fresh water. Occasionally he will find a sign of where water once flowed in hard-baked river beds, or he will see great gashes in the mountains where too much of it has come racing down to flood the plains below.

What nature and history hadn't done, the southern noblemen had. Like their forefathers, they had been weirdly inconsistent. They were fond of hunting wild boar in the Sila forest but thought nothing of disfiguring it by felling the magnificent trees for timber. When the resulting floods poured down, it never occurred to them to build the mechanical devices that might not only check the floods but capture water to irrigate the land. Their passion for this land was so great that their daughters were frequently forbidden to marry lest any part of their estates pass out of their families; yet they gave no care to the land itself. Many of them rarely saw it. Although they owned splendid castles they built no roads for their Alfa-Romeos, strung no telephone or electric wires, and therefore usually preferred the comforts of the city to the crudities of the country.

Their holdings were mostly left in the hands of big tenants or of overseers, who cared no more for the property than the owners. Where the earth was dry and deep plowing might have caught some rain, they let it lie fallow, sometimes for so long that metal plows could not cut it without breaking. Where the soil might, with care, have supported olive trees, they rented it out for pasture; five to seven years must pass before an olive tree bears. Where the earth was rich, they put it to profitable but soil-exhausting crops such as tobacco or wheat until it was depleted.

The peasants were forced to assist in this work of destruction. They could buy no land, even if they could borrow enough money, at thirty per cent interest, for a down payment; the landowners wouldn't sell. Therefore, the peasants either had to work for the big tenant or the overseer at about ten dollars a month, or rent the land in very small parcels at very high prices for periods of no more than three years. They often had to travel seven or eight miles to reach their plots, and many had to work four or five plots several miles apart in order to earn a living.

In general, their tools were those they made; in some cases, their plow was a heavy plank with long nails in it, drawn by a mule if they had one. Above all, since the soil was not theirs, they exploited it as ruthlessly as the noblemen and overseers did.

THE PEASANT had no time for schools; in some parts of Lucania and Calabria, three-quarters of the population can't read or write. Amid this poverty and ignorance, the population goes on increasing, even though in the Sassi—cave dwellings—of Matera, half the babies die before they are weaned.

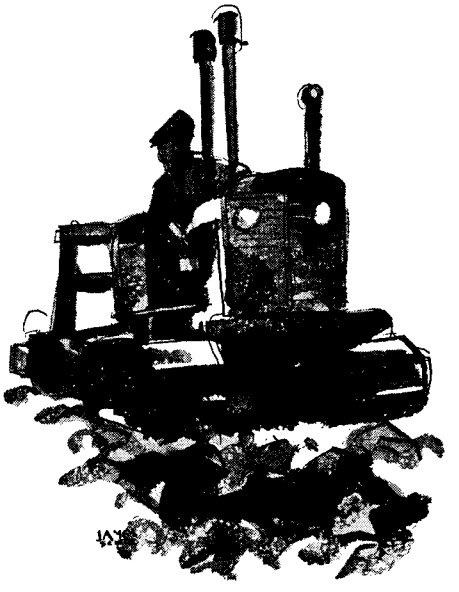
In the Calabrian village of Cutro, one room often holds two or three families. The women there have sunken eyes and chests, the children are blinded by trachoma and syphilis, the unpaved streets are thick with garbage, donkeys, and flies, the water—what there is of it—is laden with typhoid; and for these people, together with 350,000 others in that particular part of Calabria, there is no surgical or obstetrical clinic, no tuberculosis or venereal-disease dispensary, no resident doctor outside the provincial capital. There are some communities where no land can be spared for cemeteries.

By the time the government stepped in, these people had passed the point where they might have helped themselves by themselves. Where they had not fallen into hopeless apathy, they were eaten with hopeless anger, striking out wildly in rebellions they lacked the strength to sustain. To seize the land by force meant only to be driven off again by the police—even to be shot, on occasion, like animal marauders—and to retreat again into hopelessness.

A Bold New Program

The government arrived with great plans and high hopes, and set out to reclaim not only the land but everyone on it, to bring not only water, electric power, roads, trains, and tractors but also social workers, technical counselors, doctors, and teachers.

It sought to accomplish this through two institutions. One was a network of six regional Reform Agencies. The other was the Cassa del Mezzogiorno, or Southern Fund, with an appropriation of $1.5 billion to be spent in ten years. About $33 million of this was put up indirectly by the United States through the ECA Counterpart Fund; the rest was to be underwritten by the Italian state. The Cassa's job was to finance and supervise big interregional projects such as dams, aqueducts, highways, railroads, and reforestation, while the Agencies carried out all the partic-



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ulars of human and land reclamation within the reform areas.

Over ten years these organizations planned to bring 900,000 acres of arid land under irrigation, doubling the total in the south; to prepare 1,375,000 acres of uncultivated or undercultivated land for dry farming; to prepare an additional 3,000,000 acres for future development; to plant new trees on and otherwise restore 4,000,000 acres of mountain basins; to make the soil increase its annual yield by $200 million; to establish whatever manufacturing the area could support; and to bring an ample supply of drinking water for the first time to 2,103 communities with eighteen million inhabitants.

The plans are gradually being carried out, but with infinite difficulty, frustration, and delay. It took two years for the Reform Agencies to finish searching all the deeds, making all the surveys, wrangling with all the landowners' lawyers, and finally to take the designated land by forced sale. Even now, no more than a quarter of this land has been reassigned. Too little land and too many people have made redistribution a desperate problem. Thus in towns like Spezzano Piccolo in Calabria, the quota was no more than two acres for a family which might have had six children when it got its farm, now has seven, and has an eighth on the way.

Today such an allotment cannot support such a family. Ten years from now it might. The agencies are bringing in bulldozers to break the caked soil, level the ground, haul out stones; they are teaching the peasants to build windbreaks, dig drainage ditches, use contour plowing and crop rotation; they are planting olive trees in what was once pasture; and until these bear, fruit trees that will bear at once have been planted. They are experimenting with new seed and new crops. They are replacing work animals with meat and dairy cattle, and providing tractors, sowers, binders, and threshers.

In projects of this kind success depends at least as much on human reconstruction as on technical efficiency, and here the program is showing signs of what may be fatal weakness.

The government's problem was, first, to restore the southern peasants to physical vigor, bring them close to their farms, and put them into decent houses. After that came the question of teaching them to read and if possible to write, to become self-reliant, to plan ahead, to use cash credits for long-term improvements, to accept technical advice, to pool their limited resources in cooperatives for using machinery and marketing crops—to become, finally, healthy and independent citizens.

Housing alone has proved enormously difficult. The peasants could not simply be taken out of their warrens and set down in isolated new cottages near their land; Mussolini had tried that in a few places and had failed. There must be a sense of community: a church, a school, a post office, a café. But such a job requires trained sociologists, of whom there are few in Italy. It is also expensive. Although a few pilot models are being built—the new two-hundred-family village of La Martella, near Matera, is an impressive example—most Agency officials consider them too elaborate and too costly. The usual solution has been a compromise: either very small villages with some services or clusters of simple cottages with subcenters for services not too far away.

Houses are slowly going up; slowly the water and light are coming; secondary roads are being built; silos and warehouses are under way; marketing centers are being blueprinted.

The Politics of Misery

But the peasants are not delighted. Some are beginning to be barely hopeful. Many remain diffident, suspicious, even openly hostile. They point to the hearths of their new houses and say they are too low and smoky. They say that they must still walk a mile to the well for water, or that the stone ovens for baking bread are too small. And they say, over and over again: "We have too little land," or "The land is bad."

Most of these reactions were to be expected. The southern peasants have been betrayed by Rome too often to trust it overnight. Also, as a Calabrian priest-poet once wrote, they have been "taught by life to hate the government as their mortal enemy, and expect it to do everything for them." Moreover, what life hasn't taught them the Communist Party has. Despite its efforts the party has made few true converts, but it has created thousands of "misery Communists," who are convinced that government and barons are one, that the Catholic Church is an ally of both, and that nothing can be gotten from any of the three without taking it by force.

The Communists have, of course, been proved wrong on several counts. First they predicted that the nobles would never give up their land, then that the peasants would never get it. By this spring they were forced to change their line; during the election campaign they argued that the

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land that had been given up before the elections—not very good land or very much of it—would be taken away afterward. In any case, they maintained, whatever the peasants had gotten or would ever get was given only because of Communist pressure. The election returns showed how many peasants believed them.

The Monarchist and Neo-Fascist leaders harangued the peasants just as loudly. Whatever they may have promised the big landowners privately, they were vociferous in their public demands for more drastic and revolutionary reform. Those peasants whose religious misgivings prevented them from voting Communist thus had a convenient alternative outlet for their disappointment, disillusion, or general hostility to the remote and slow-moving government in Rome.

THE GOVERNMENT had been giving some gratuitous help to its enemies. Many of the ovens are, in fact, too small, and many hearths do smoke; some houses have been built in long straight lines at the edges of new highways, and the wells dug, inexplicably, at one end. Although fifty thousand houses have been promised, only six thousand are so far under construction, and only a few hundred completed. Moreover, parish priests and local Christian Democrats did exert strong pressure, during the election campaign, to give new houses and land only to good Christian Democrats, a form of bribery that was supremely self-defeating; for every peasant ostensibly won over in this manner at least one other was embittered.

Most of all, almost no teachers, doctors, or social workers have as yet been brought in, and not enough are being trained; the machinery and marketing co-operatives, indispensable to the program, are not yet functioning; and the whole idea of broadening the peasants' mental horizons is so far limited to a few local meeting rooms with radios. In the opinions of many agricultural authorities, this tendency to forget what was originally a great social vision can bring the whole program to ruin.

Some of these weaknesses can be traced back to the Communists. The government's fear of the Left was so strong that in several instances it built houses and allocated land without proper study in its hurry to win votes. Moreover, many parish priests, particularly in isolated villages, have resisted all educational proposals in the fear that semi-literate peasants will espouse Communism before they have time to learn better. Above all, since co-operatives are classically vulnerable to Communist penetration, the Christian Democrats have refused in several places to sanction them at all, or have tried to stifle them in advance with strict government controls.

The program is also beginning to feel the weight of the ubiquitous Italian bureaucracy—the hundreds of clerks and third secretaries in the multiple ministries who are gradually coming to demand the right of passing on every specification for a window or a door. It is held back, too, by many local Christian Democratic politicians, some of whom regard the Agencies as no more than a useful instrument for patronage, others of whom resist the program actively or passively because their sympathies are openly or secretly with the landowners. Most of all, it is hampered by the fact that although the Agencies include many excellent technicians and dedicated, imaginative men, there are not enough of these. Too many of the Agency staff are administrators whose only experience was the colonization of Libya, where the prevailing theory was that one room with a view of a banana tree was enough for any family; too many others are political appointees with no experience at all.

ALL THIS is in no way meant to suggest that the program should be written off as a failure. It has already done momentous things that cannot be undone. It has broken the cruel and unproductive southern baronial system, probably forever; it has already made striking progress in conquering nature; and it has given the peasants their first taste of independence in a thousand years.

But these very accomplishments have put some highly dangerous forces into motion. The barons are now organized in an angry and powerful opposition, while the peasants' appetites are increasing every day.

Under these circumstances, it does not seem likely that the program as it is working at present will pacify either side. The government will probably have to choose between the two and adjust its policies accordingly. Choosing the landlords would mean risking not only the end of parliamentary democracy in Italy but a peasantry securely in the hands of the Communist Party. Otherwise De Gasperi will have to risk offending the Right much more seriously than he has so far, reducing the already shrunken estates and possibly even encroaching on those that have been operated with care and intelligence. If he decides to do this he may not be able to persuade his own party to go along; and even if it does he may not be in time to stop the peasants' slide to the Left. But it now seems to be his only chance.

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Senator Bricker And the Nut Who Knew History

WILLIAM H. HESSLER

Scene: Office of Senator John W. Bricker (R., Ohio) in the Senate Office Building at Washington.

BRICKER: Who is it wants to see me?

SECRETARY: I'm not sure. He's an oldish man in *very* odd clothes. Says his name's Madison—James Madison.

BRICKER: Another nut, I suppose. But show him in.

MADISON: A good day to you, sir. I hope I am not trespassing unduly upon the time of a much-occupied statesman. I am James Madison.

BRICKER: (*With veiled sarcasm*) Ah yes, our fourth President!

MADISON: Quite so, Senator. I am flattered to be remembered, if only by number.

BRICKER: (*Now enjoying the game hugely*) Oh, we remember you for many things, Mr. Madison. You were the largest figure in the writing of the Constitution and the recorder of the debates. And you were in Congress for a while.

MADISON: In four Congresses, to be exact.

BRICKER: But not in the *Senate*.

MADISON: True, that honor never came to me. But I was Secretary of State for eight years, and President the next eight. And those were not quiet times. Pray tell me, does that not compensate for my never having sat in the Senate?

BRICKER: (*Proudly*) There's nothing in the world like being a United States Senator, though of course you were of great service to the Republic in its formative period. But tell me, what brings you back to Washington from—well, that is, from wherever you've been the last century and more?

MADISON: (*With dignity*) I have been in Heaven, Senator. Indeed, nearly all the Presidents are there; and a right jolly company they are, rather off to themselves in the Distinguished Members Section of the English-speaking Division of the Great Men Department.

BRICKER: (*No longer so cynical*) Heaven doesn't sound very democratic, Mr. President.

MADISON: Certainly not. Heaven is a proper kingdom. Constitutions, bills of rights, and the separation of powers—all such inventions of prudence, as I once called them in *The Federalist*—are only needed on earth, where greedy and wicked and stupid mortals have to protect themselves from one another.

BRICKER: Yes, yes, of course. And you've come back for a long visit, Mr. Madison?

MADISON: No, sir, my visit is much abbreviated. I came by special permission to witness the sesquicentennial of the Louisiana Purchase of 1803, in which I had a not inconsiderable part, as Mr. Jefferson's Secretary of State. But I found no one taking account of that great stroke of diplomacy which doubled the size of the Union. So I came to Washington. I have seen the Pentagon, and now I am here to see you, my dear sir.

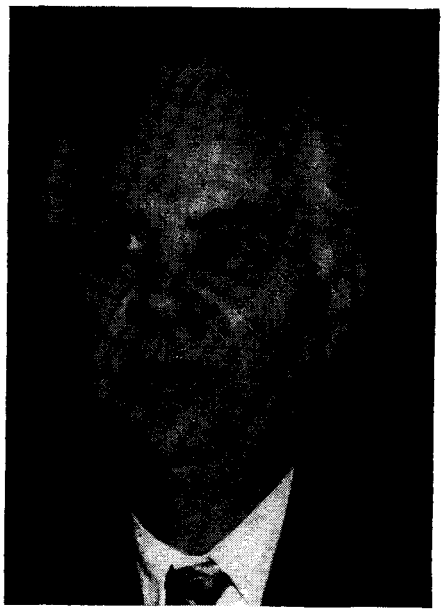
BRICKER: This is very flattering, Mr. Madison. Why didn't you pay your one call on the President?

MADISON: Sir, Mr. Eisenhower may indeed have need of my advice. But if I may make so bold, you have the greater need of it.

BRICKER: (*Interested*) Tell me more.

MADISON: I am told, Senator, that you mean to have the Constitution

Madison



Wide World

Bricker

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amended, in respect to the treaty power.

BRICKER: (*Pleased*) Oh, so you've heard of my amendment.

MADISON: I have indeed. That is why I have come to see you. Some of us at the Constitutional Convention devoted great thought and labor to the treaty clause. I want to know in what respects we erred—if we did. After 166 years, we've come to feel much pleased with our handiwork, and it pains us all to see you advancing a scheme of amendment subversive of the principles by which we set great store.

BRICKER (*Bridling*) "Subversive" is a nasty word, Mr. Madison.

MADISON: English usage changes, my dear sir. I must remind you I was the fourth President of the United States, and my usages are those of a century and a half ago. I say—and so do my good friends, the other Framers—that you are subverting the principles we wrote into the greatest of all constitutions.

BRICKER: I yield to no man in my admiration for the Constitution and for those who drafted it. But times have changed, Mr. Madison. Un-American forces in the United Nations are drafting multilateral treaties that would deprive American citizens of historic rights they have enjoyed ever since—

MADISON: Ever since *I* took the lead, in the first Congress, in adopting the Bill of Rights. Senator, I put those ten Amendments into the Constitution; and they are unassailable. They may be ignored, or even violated by willful men. But they cannot be negated by a mere treaty. We saw to that in 1787. And yet, 166 years later, you advance a totally gratuitous amendment saying, "A provision of a treaty which conflicts with this Constitution shall not be of any force or effect." You insult us, sir, by declaring formally what we made implicit and what all judges have expounded ever since.

BRICKER: But you've no idea how the treaty power has been stretched since your time, Mr. Madison. There are dreadful forces at work in the world today.

MADISON: There were dreadful forces then. You've never lived in a British colony under George III. As for stretching the treaty power, sir, that is the crowning glory of the Constitution we Framers wrote for you. We perceived that times would change, that great crises would arise, that unforeseen perils would appear to tax this instrument of governance. We prepared for this by vesting in the government a plenitude of power for every future contingency. The treaty power is by no means unlimited, as our debates clearly show. But it encompasses all that a sovereign government may be obliged to do in the exigencies of national life.

Your amendment, Senator, provides that a treaty shall become effective as internal law "only through legislation which would be valid in the absence of a treaty." Sir, that takes the latitude out of the treaty power indisputably, if that is what you mean to do.

BRICKER: It is. We're trying to preserve the division of powers and save the states from being robbed by an ever-expanding treaty power.

MADISON: That is precisely what alarms me. The comprehensive character of the treaty power was made thus in order that the Executive

could make any engagements requisite to a sovereign state. But you are designating an area of human affairs, related to international dealings, in which you would deny authority to *both* the central government and the several states. You are raising up a zone of anarchy in our public affairs. Thus you are subverting the sovereignty of the United States. Pray do not charge mysterious and anonymous forces in the United Nations with your own offense.

BRICKER: Look, Mr. Madison. *You* were in the House of Representatives. Don't you think that House ought to have a voice in treaty-making? My amendment—Section 3 when I wrote it, Section 1 as it comes to the floor—provides for this. Treaties won't be internal law until proper enforcing legislation is enacted by Congress.

MADISON: Possibly, Senator, you thought you had a new idea there. But the truth is that one of my colleagues, James Wilson of Pennsylvania, a learned lawyer, moved to require the approval of both houses for treaties. He was voted down, ten votes to one, for the best of good reasons. You can better trust the judgment of two-thirds of the Senate. And I should be surprised if the Senate had so deteriorated in the public trust that two-thirds of its members can no longer be trusted to guard the national well-being.

BRICKER: Don't you worry about the present-day Senate, Mr. Madison—although I do wish I had a few more sound conservatives there with me. But I am talking about requiring enforcing legislation *after* ratification of a treaty.

MADISON: That likewise is not a very new idea, sir. I would recall to you that my good friend Gouverneur Morris—on August 23, 1787, if my memory serves me—wanted to amend the treaty clause so that "no treaty shall be binding on the United States which is not ratified by law." That failed, sir, chiefly because I pointed out the inconvenience of it, especially in treaties of war and military alliance.

BRICKER: History has proved you were mistaken there.

MADISON: History proves nothing of the kind, sir. When the participation of the House of Representatives is desirable, it is also necessary, under the Constitution *as we wrote it*. For example, when Tom Jefferson and I wanted to acquire the Lousiana Territory, we went to Congress and got an appropriation before we approached Napoleon Bonaparte for a treaty of cession.

And while I was President, sir, we fought a war with Great Britain—a

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frustrating, inconclusive war that neither side could truly win. (There *are* such wars, Senator, I assure you.) In the subsequent Treaty of Ghent, some provisions had to do with customs duties on British goods. Therefore, I addressed a message to the houses of Congress, requesting of them appropriate enforcing legislation, which they obligingly provided.

Yes, sir, when the lower House is rightly concerned, it cannot be ignored. That was a great debate in the House on the Treaty of Ghent. John Calhoun, an able and eloquent lawyer, had a conspicuous participation. I still remember Calhoun's words—for those were unhurried days, and a President had time to read the full reports of Congressional debates. Calhoun spoke in this wise: "The treaty-making power has many and powerful limits; and it will be found, when I come to discuss what those limits are, that it cannot destroy the Constitution, or our personal liberty."

BRICKER: You have a good memory, Mr. Madison. But I don't think you have kept up with recent developments. Now, for instance, there are all these new international organizations—the Monetary Fund, the World Health Organization, UNESCO, FAO, and dozens more. Full of meddlesome do-gooders, if you ask me. They're rule-making governmental agencies. If we're not careful, they'll be exercising power over free American citizens. Foreigners will be doing that! And that's *one* loophole in the treaty clause that you're so proud of, Mr. Madison.

MADISON: As you say, Senator, there are indeed new instrumentalities of human governance. They are international. I cannot feel a sense of great alarm if nations *of their own free will* assign some obstinate and elusive problems to international bodies for adjustment. That is a natural resort, the true alternative to friction and armed strife.

What most offends me, Senator, is that your amendment strips from the Chief Executive the essential powers of a negotiator and agent of a sovereign state. You have this most amazing thing called atomic energy. Now in our blissful ignorance in 1787 we had no least suspicion that Nature held such an awesome mystery for man's ultimate discovery. But there it is. You have it. And so likewise have your enemies.

I speak in candor, Senator: Having observed the folly of humankind these many generations, I harbor no great hope that man will master this appalling new physical force. But if you have any hope to avert the

total destruction of civilization, it surely lies in forming some larger instrumentality of authority—some sovereignty above the nation. You will need a body competent to supervise and order the activities of all the peoples in respect to atomic energy. Yet as I read it, your amendment would virtually forbid the President to proceed with such an arrangement.

BRICKER: That was *my* amendment. The Judiciary Committee took that section out. Now it merely says that Congress shall have power to regulate all Executive and other agreements with any foreign nation or international organization.

MADISON: It still distresses me. For it entrusts the initiative in foreign policy to the Congress, since it can frame the binding rules under which the President may undertake agreements. It is a design for the frustration of the Executive.

It troubles me grievously, sir, that you are so intent on curbing the rightful powers of the Executive. We Framers had a sorry experience of the Articles of Confederation. (I was in *that* Congress, too.) The power of making foreign engagements was then vested in the Congress. We remarked the strenuous need for elevating the President to a place of true authority, that he might deal on equal relations with powerful Princes—early counterparts of the dictators who now dispose great power in many lands in this degenerate century. This we achieved, despite the follies of George Mason and Patrick Henry and the unwonted caution of Gouverneur Morris.

Yet now, when your affairs about the world are vastly multiplied and the need of sovereign power is thus augmented, you purpose to clamp on the President many restraints that we painstakingly avoided. Why, sir, you even purpose, in Section 3 of your amendment, to empower the Congress to forbid his making simple agreements with foreign governments as to trifling matters, save by a formula Congress may define in advance and then may authenticate afterward by enabling legislation. This, sir, wrests from the Executive all power to initiate enterprises of foreign policy. It ties him hand and foot. Truly, sir, I wonder much that you Republicans labored with such zeal to elect Mr. Eisenhower, only to strip him of powers we so carefully vested in his office.

BRICKER: Oh, we're not afraid of Mr. Eisenhower, but we remember the two dictators we had before him, Mr. Madison. They started Big Government. They sold us out at Yalta and Potsdam. They made a rubber stamp of this great legislative body. I can't begin to tell you of all their usurpations.

MADISON: And you need not, my good sir. For I see you are bent upon undoing the work of the Founding Fathers. We so fortified the Executive power that it has been able to rise to every great emergency of 164 years of turbulence and change. Yet (as I noted in *The Federalist*) we carefully introduced those inventions of prudence which prevent headstrong leaders from committing avoidable folly.

BRICKER: So you Founding Fathers don't admit any mistakes at all.

MADISON: I cannot speak for them all, sir. Personally, I concede we made one error—one that several of us tried strenuously to escape. On

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September 7, 1787, I moved to except peace treaties from the two-thirds vote in the Senate. Peace treaties I considered should be made with all facility. I feared that a President would derive such power and importance from a state of war that he might be tempted to impede a treaty of peace. Pierce Butler of South Carolina backed me up in this, reciting the artifices by which the Duke of Marlborough sought to prolong a war of which he had the management.

But Nathaniel Gorham and Gouverneur Morris and Elbridge Gerry all took a contrary view, asserting that the power to continue a war abided in Congress, which holds the purse.

BRICKER: Isn't that odd! We've had a war on our hands recently in Korea. And (*whispering*) it's been the President who wanted to end it—by concessions verging on appeasement. And there was no way the Senate could keep the war going except—

MADISON: Except by reviling the

President and so advertising to the enemy the dissensions within your own nation. How distressing! Perhaps I was quite wrong to think the President would be disposed to perpetuate a war for the enhancement of his own place in history.

But I repeat, sir, treaties of peace should always be easy of accomplishment. And I repeat also, you are subverting the work of the Framers, for whom I speak, when you impair the treaty power. As I said in *The Federalist*—

BRICKER: (*With some irritation*) I've read *The Federalist!*

MADISON: Then pray read it again. And now I must bid you a good day, Senator.

BRICKER: (*Respectfully*) This has been an interesting visit. I hope to see you again, Mr. President.

MADISON: Not here. I shan't return, because my joy at witnessing your vast material progress is much outweighed by the sorrowful apprehension of man's innate incapacity to live amicably with his fellow men. But I doubt not you will be coming up to join us some day. However, I must give you just warning, my dear sir. Do not permit yourself undue illusions of what may be in store. Heaven may seem to you a poor place of meager satisfactions after an extended service in the United States Senate.

(*Exit Madison.*)

SECRETARY: (*Entering*) Who was it, Senator?

BRICKER: Just a nut, as I suspected. Knew a lot of early history, I must say. But no grasp of modern problems.

How Important Are Tariffs?

BRUNO FOA

ON JUNE 12, the Trade Agreements Act, conceived by the New Deal, stamped with the venerable name of Cordell Hull, and dedicated to the proposition that tariffs should be reduced as much as possible, expired after nineteen years. The Act will surely be revived for twelve months, but the current drive to build the tariff wall higher is only the first stage in a campaign that will probably become more energetic during the next few months. Why? When mythology is separated from reality, do tariffs really matter much any more? And to whom?

The tariff is a politically explosive issue, charged with emotions linked to distant memories, which, when brought into play, act upon the reflexes of Congressmen the way music affects a trained bear. The curious thing about this tariff controversy is that most of the conditions it symbolizes ceased to exist some time ago.

In the world economists are supposed to deal with, the world of production and distribution of real goods, the significance of the tariff is now ridiculously tiny. The existence of a tariff wall is probably not nearly as much of a restraint on trade as free traders say. But knocking it down would certainly not do the American economy the damage the high-tariff groups contend. Although the net effect on our economy would certainly be favorable, even here the effect would be small.

IN THE old days, the average American conceived the tariff to be a major safeguard for the maintenance of employment and of domestic industrial prosperity. This may have been true within limits in a distant past. It certainly ceased to be true when two wars, and the powerful dynamics of an unprecedented type of industrial development, thrust this country into a position where it normally sends abroad

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several billion dollars more in goods than it takes from abroad.

During the past ten or fifteen years, our industrial production has more than doubled, our farm production has increased by leaps and bounds, and real income per person has increased by approximately fifty per cent. We have reached what is now called overfull employment. All these accomplishments owe absolutely nothing to the tariff.

None of our key industrial or agricultural interests has anything important to gain from tariff protection. American production has full sway in its domestic market, besides having developed large export markets the size of which is now limited almost entirely by the ability of foreign countries to earn and pay dollars. Our basic farm products, such as wheat and cotton, depend in no small degree upon foreign outlets. Only a negligible fraction of what we consume is of foreign origin. Our imports of finished manufactured goods for consumption in 1951 totaled $1.9 billion—about one and a half per cent of our national expenditure ($140.6 billion) on consumer goods.

But what if our prosperity should come to a halt? What if we should see a depression coming on? The answer is that the tariff would not help us a bit. The tariff could not create purchasing power, could not stimulate demand for either investment or consumer goods. It could not effectively create jobs by substituting American for foreign products because it would act chiefly on luxury or semi-luxury goods, which people would buy in smaller quantities anyway. By reducing American demand for other nations' products, it would deprive other countries of earned dollars, hit our own exports, and generally intensify the world-wide slump that would follow any major American recession.

What is more important, we now have other, far more effective methods of resisting the downward slide of economic forces. Under the Employment Act of 1946, we as a nation are committed to national policies that will under all conditions stimulate high levels of employment and production. The tools required to implement such policies are by now familiar to all. An impressive array of them, from cheap money to public works, can be brought into use to increase public and private spending and investment, and to place a floor under the national income level. There is no room for the tariff among these full-employment measures. To use it would be to use a hand hose to put out a forest fire when there is far more powerful and up-to-date equipment available.

Can't Have It Both Ways

A tariff is supposed to protect the domestic producer against the threat of a "flood" of foreign imports that would destroy him. The catch is that for most commodities the flood exists only in the mind of the U.S. producer. It is not too much to say that, for most of the range of goods affected by tariffs, the problem is not with the import but with the producer himself. For the key question is how certain significant yet increasingly marginal segments of domestic agriculture and industry can adjust themselves to an environment of rapid economic growth at home.

The case for free trade is clearest in agriculture. The nation and its organized farming people have to decide whether to continue to protect the dairy industries and an array of comparatively minor farm products, ranging from filberts to garlic, to the detriment of wheat, cotton, and tobacco exports. On the President's TV show in early June, Secretary of Agriculture Ezra Taft Benson went out of his way to underline the importance of exports:

"In order for agriculture to be prosperous it must not only have good markets at home but big markets abroad. And of course this is a two-way road, this foreign trade, so if we will sell abroad we must also permit them to sell here. That's why farmers are in favor of the extension of the reciprocal trade program.

"Now, usually we think of businessmen and manufacturers as being primarily interested in foreign trade. But I presume the individual who is most deeply concerned with this matter of foreign trade is this man we call the American farmer."

It is said that tariffs and quotas are needed because of domestic farm-price supports, since by keeping prices up they attract "abnormal" foreign imports into the United States. Price supports probably do have some effect in encouraging imports in a few items. But price supports are much worse for our foreign economic policy on the export side than on the import side. For by raising the prices of the staple exports that other countries have to buy from us, they make it necessary for those same countries to earn more dollars by selling us even more goods. The only alternatives to more imports are more out-and-out aid or a smaller volume of exports. People who grow and sell wheat and cotton know that currently the United States is paying both kinds of price. The lesson on imports is clear: We cannot have it both ways and hold onto our big outlets for staple farm products while shutting off the door against virtually all farm imports.

For the industries that form the backbone of American production,

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the tariff is an unimportant subject. The people who are interested, and whose views are loudly echoed on Capitol Hill, represent those types of production which, for one reason or another, have not shared proportionately in the steady growth of our industry. They include, among others, the manufacture of special types of textile fabrics, straw articles, felt hats, wallpaper, smoking pipes, matches, certain kinds of glassware and pottery, and some precision instruments such as watches.

There have been a few recent cases in which protection (chiefly under authority of the indefensible Buy-American Act, enacted at the very bottom of the great depression) has been invoked against foreign competition in machine tools and in heavy equipment. The manufacturers of heavy electrical equipment, for example, seem to need a boost from the government to stay even with their British and Swiss competitors. On the whole, however, the problem does not involve the heavyweights of American industry, but rather certain smaller businesses which show a long-term trend of weakness.

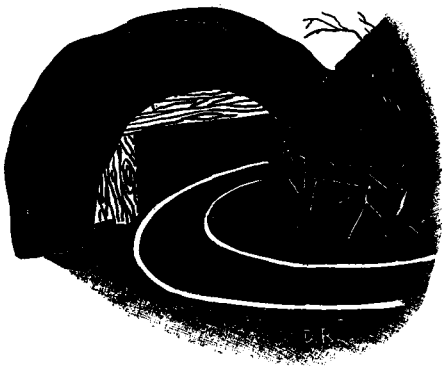
Such industries are not in trouble because they are small, or because they turn out unglamorous things like pretzels and cherry pipes rather than nylons, automobiles, and radar components. In some cases their dimensions are large and their corporate structure impressive. Moreover, countless small enterprises flourish in the climate of growth that is so characteristic of American industry. The trouble lies not in inadequate size but in an inability to keep up with the rest of the American economy.

More precisely, what seems to be happening is this: The "growth industries" (whether large or small) are typically those which can place behind the worker the most machinery and distribute the largest number of units per dollar of labor cost—in other words, those industries in which labor has the highest output per man-hour. Because productivity in these industries keeps on growing, labor can command a higher and higher return. These industries set the pace for the whole economy and establish the wage standard for workers in every line of business.

It follows that industries in which workers can add less value per man-hour of work are going to suffer. What the hatmakers have to pay for labor will go up, not according to the increase in productivity of hat workers, but according to the general increase in wages achieved by workers in automobile plants and steel mills.

Protecting the Unprotectable

This is the predicament of many segments of the textile, shoe, apparel, men's-wear, and women's accessories industries. The demand for their products is not increasing proportionately to rising income. The same trouble faces several producers of useful but qualitatively undistinguished light goods or semi-handicrafts. There are exceptions, as in certain segments of the glassware industry, where new lines are developed or, in general, where distinctive workmanship and high quality offset high cost per unit. In turn, these exceptions appear to confirm the suspicion that the common denominator of the difficulties in question is not so much *technical obsolescence* (though there is a good deal of that too) as *product obsolescence,* suffered in a highly dynamic econ-



omy by industries that embody earlier stages of technical or market development, and that cannot or will not change.

It is not a coincidence that the industries that are "vulnerable" to foreign competition are often located in communities or areas, for instance certain parts of New England, that have in recent decades lost much ground to the areas blessed (or cursed) by the flowering of the later phases of American industrialization.

Obviously, the remedy is not to build a high fence around some industries or communities so that for a few years more they can eke out a precarious living by sticking to types of production that have little or no future. They are bound to become increasingly squeezed in the vise between higher costs and stagnant markets, whatever temporary help they may receive from tariff protection. There is no effective way to protect them against high costs and low productivity in an economy where productivity generally is going up and costs are going down.

THE PROBLEM of weak spots and depressed industries or areas within the context of a rapidly expanding economy may call for reorganization into more efficient—smaller or larger—units, or for product development and diversification. In other cases, a partial or total shift to new lines of production may become imperative. In a national economy of full employment, this could and should be accomplished without entailing serious casualties. Ultimately, the solution will be the replacement by stages, over time, of the "obsolescent" industries with new ones, so as to bring the community or area into line with the general trend of growth of the national economy.

Product diversification can accomplish much, and bring about great changes over a period of years. After President Truman rejected the higher rates recommended by the Tariff Commission on watches and watch movements, the Elgin National Watch Company adopted a policy of hedging against foreign competition by branching out into the production of new lines such as men's jewelry.

Research and product development are performing miracles every day, bringing about a new industrial revolution. The defense effort itself can help to lift the face of depressed areas or communities, particularly through the establishment of "dual-purpose" (civilian and defense) plants. Furthermore, many new civilian products can be expected to take up the slack as the defense effort begins to taper off. The main thing is to put management on its mettle to find effective uses for the

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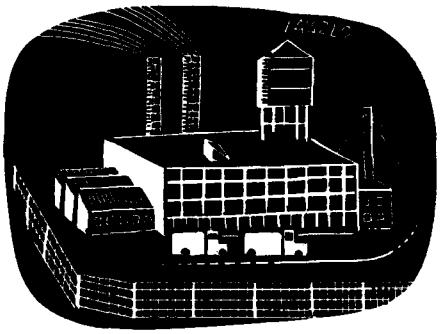
facilities and manpower of the "vulnerable" industries.

The Question of Subsidies

The problem of transition calls not only for isolated "shot-in-the-arm" measures but for some permanent kind of program, since we must face the fact that in a dynamic economy new weak spots are bound to develop from time to time. This is why so many business organizations have been coming out for a gradual reduction of tariffs, looking toward their elimination over a period of ten years or so.

A system of subsidies should be worked out to go into effect along with tariff reductions. Such subsidies ought to be temporary, for the industries that are earmarked for total or near total conversion. For industries that have some military importance, even a permanent though moderate subsidy might be justified for the purpose of maintaining a core of skilled manpower.

This idea of subsidies seemed revolutionary before Paul G. Hoffman first gave it respectability early in 1950. It has now gained the support of the New York *Times* as well as of influential business groups including the U.S. Chamber of Commerce.



More important than subsidies to the industries themselves will be special unemployment benefits for workers who may have to move into other lines of production, to cover the period of their retraining and reabsorption elsewhere.

If only one-tenth of the time and effort currently being spent by the protectionist lobby in fighting the battle for high tariffs were turned to a serious technical study of a working system of subsidies, it would be a great blessing. Moreover, if the protectionists were to adopt such an attitude, the advocates of free trade would have a real incentive to think up ways of safeguarding the interests of the domestic industries affected by the shift.

Good Business, Good Politics

The repeal of the Corn Laws in England in 1846 was a gripping political drama of the nineteenth century. A parallel change in American tariff policies in our day would be a much simpler and less painful process in its substantive effects. However, it still faces formidable political difficulties.

History might repeat itself to the extent that President Eisenhower, like Sir Robert Peel, would have to split his own party and enlist from the Opposition the votes required to put the reform through. But the President got more votes than his party did last November, and, should he decide to affirm his leadership, he might have the support of a bipartisan majority within the halls of Congress and in the country. There is reason to believe that it would be not only good business but also good politics.

D.P.s in D.C.:

The Riffed and the Miffed

HELEN HILL MILLER

THE HOLDERS of top political appointments in the new Administration and the permanent civil servants stare at each other across a gulf of deep mistrust.

The incoming Republicans arrived with the expectation that the bureaucrats below them would be a mediocre but abundant residue, spawned by the New Deal in numbers credible only among guppies, some of them actual carriers of corruption and Communism, *all* of them badly in need of admonitions to cut short the coffee hour and pull up their socks.

In turn, since the inauguration, equally uncivil servants have spent much time regaling each other at lunch with details of the newcomers' ignorance, their slips in testimony on Capitol Hill, and their failure to consult those who know. As they walk back to their desks, they wonder how much of the career service will survive the change in Administration.

The RIF Song

The down curve of employment has brought a new verb into Washington vocabulary, used mostly in the passive—"I've been riffed, you're being riffed tomorrow, they will be riffed on the next round." It is derived from a new group of Washington initials, signifying the most formidable fact of life in the Executive Departments: Reduction in Force.

The Republicans came to town committed to putting large numbers of government functions on ice—presumably in Mr. Truman's deep freeze—and with them large numbers of government employees. Candidate Eisenhower might say, "Those who—using the tactics of

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fear—are declaring that a Republican Administration would mean a wholesale, indiscriminate slashing of the government payroll, are not telling the truth." But at the same time, Candidate Nixon, cheerfully ignoring a certain never fully explained fund, declared: "We find embezzlement, thievery, knavery and criminal carelessness rife in the American government," indicating that the new broom, to sweep clean, would have to sweep widely.

The new broom, however, has to operate within the very special structure of civil-service procedure. Over the years, three purposes have been built into that seventy-year-old system: freedom from political interference, justice for all, and preference for veterans. Regulation has been overlaid on regulation until every conceivable case is covered somewhere. As the new Republican Civil Service Commission Chairman, Philip Young, puts it, "With a rule book in your left hand and a pencil in your right, you would never have to think."

Freedom from political interference was first thought of as important chiefly in connection with appointments. But in more recent years it has been found to be just as important in connection with disappointments. Competitive examinations are a partial barrier against the prospective employee who comes armed with the threat, "I know my Congressman," but even employees acquired by routine procedures are very apt to know their Congressman by the time they are fired. Under such circumstances, the bureaucrat is in best shape if he can assure the inquiring Representative that the unfortunate "separation" is taking place only after the full civil-service treatment, down to the last subparagraph of the last subsection.

Floating and Bumping

So the Republicans, wary of possible charges that they are bringing back the spoils system, are now stuck with the rule book.

The rule book's ranking rule provides veterans' preference. Congress, from a period long before Jackson, and long before the era when the G.A.R. and the G.O.P. were growing up together, has consistently believed that any veteran was good enough for any job that he could get and has been willing to do a little something to help him get it. A disabled veteran gets a ten-point bonus added to the grade he makes on competitive examinations, and once above passing he automatically "floats" to the top of the list. (In an extreme case, a nonveteran who had made a ninety-eight on an exam

could be topped by a disabled veteran who made sixty, got the passing grade of seventy by dint of his ten-point bonus, and then rose to the head of the register.) A veteran who is not disabled gets a five-point bonus added to the grade he actually makes. All veterans have extra bumping rights when there is a Reduction in Force.

BUMPING rights permit someone who has been ousted from his job to displace and take the job of the person who is next beneath him in seniority. Nearly everyone has some degree of bumping rights. That is why Washington is now full of displaced persons.

Vulnerability to bumps is greatest among employees who do not have civil-service standing.

In the whole Federal structure, some 310,000 out of 2.5 million employees are outside Civil Service. But for the bulk of these—though not for agencies like the FBI, which are excepted by law—the plainly legible handwriting on the wall was underscored when Mr. David Williams of the Civil Service Commission staff forecast to the House Appropriations Committee a net reduction of 151,000 employees in the course of fiscal year 1954.

Under the rules, any net reduction in the number of employees causes a far larger number of civil servants to change their jobs. In the bumping process, people who came up the regular route of competitive examination will oust the "indefinites"—and probably a certain number of low-seniority careerists as well. An employee whose job is abolished is permitted to see a "retention register" and to review with his personnel officer the positions for which he is qualified and which are occupied by persons of lesser status. He is urged to accept a "reasonable offer."

As many as six bumps are not unusual in the chain reaction set up by a single firing. The resulting administrative disruption is pervasive, and the resulting psychological disruption is even more pervasive—among the people who are riffed, among the people who think they are going to be riffed, among the people who have to adjust their way of living to a newly lowered salary grade, and even among the theoretically least vulnerable careerists who have taken a good look at current budget figures. Typewriters are clacking with letters:

"I also wanted to let you know that, although I survived the reduction in force earlier this month, I would almost certainly lose my job on the next one. Undoubtedly there will be another such reduction as soon as the appropriations for FY 1954 are passed. Rather than playing the role of sitting duck, I feel it's wise of me to attempt to make a change before the ax falls. I have just started to make inquiries about jobs outside government, and if any thoughts occur to you I would appreciate having your suggestions."

Washington real estate, from exclusive Georgetown to the furthest burgeoning subdivision in the suburbs, is flat on its back. Only yesterday, and for all the yesterdays back to 1940, the barest rumor of a house for rent caused excited knots to form at cocktail parties. Now, ranking real-estate offices consent to run ads in the newspapers only at the would-be lessor's expense, on the prudent ground that not enough calls come back to justify company outlay. Furniture and household appliance sales this year are dragging. Eating and drinking places are quieter. About the only business that is on the upgrade is transportation.

Old Washington hands, however,

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assure each other that the present situation is only temporary. They have noted that while the new Administration wanted to abolish the RFC it also wanted to establish a new lending agency to be known as the Small Business Administration. By fall, they say, we'll be rolling again: Faces may be different, but times will be good.

They may well be right. What has happened to the Treasury's tax staff supports their view. Putting aside an initial intention to abolish entirely what was previously known as the Tax Advisory Staff, by April the new top command had decided to maintain a small research group. It would have nothing to do with policy, they said, and it would cut out all long-range research. It would be called the Tax Division of the Tax Analysis Staff. Since the former staff director stood No. 1 on the Civil Service's public finance register and was a veteran, he could not be fired. But he agreed to drop a grade and become a specialist in Federal-state relations under a new director. Four of the twelve other professional staff were given notice; when two of these turned out to be veterans with impregnable status, two others were tapped. The four who were fired now have jobs in the Bureau of Internal Revenue. Three new men have been brought into the Tax Division. The new staff director, being considered a policymaker, has been given an "excepted" position.

The Investigating Boom

Somewhere among these case histories of displaced persons, talk is sure to turn to the activities of investigators in addition to the actions of personnel men. It is by no means unusual for a civil servant to return home in the evening to find an eager neighbor waiting with the information: "An FBI man was around to ask me about you today." Stories of two-line letters, informing staff members that they can resign by a given date but that thereafter charges will be preferred against them, get brisk circulation.

A few weeks ago, a member of one of the Washington embassies went to the State Department to keep an appointment with the Deputy Director of an area staff. The foreign visitor was surprised to find another caller in the office and offered to withdraw. Urged by the previous arrival to take a seat, the visitor was further surprised at the conversation. The State Department officer was being questioned about the life and habits of a superior in the Department: What kind of friends did he have? What did he do in off hours? The embassy official tried to cover his embarrassment by sorting briefcase papers. After the investigator was gone, the foreigner looked inquiringly at the American. "Just for the record," the Deputy Director announced bitterly, "that's the fifth time I've been questioned today."

UNDER the various kinds of current strain, individuals behave differently. Some clam up completely. These have figured their vulnerability, the payments due on the house, expenses for the children in college or the new baby coming, the chances of employment "outside." They have also figured that if they have nothing to say at this time, it is just possible that they will be inconspicuous enough to get by.

Others are hypervocal. They are going to call the shots as they see them if it's the last thing they do. They end up by saying a good deal more than they would if they weren't under strain.

The strain shows most in the State Department, where every sort of attack has been concentrated. Senator Mundt's recent inspiration is a

thought that comes easily to Congress: He assured Budget Director Dodge that the $8.25 million needed to put his pet South Dakota dam back into the budget without increasing the deficit could be painlessly obtained by a corresponding cut in the funds for the State Department.

MORALE is bad not only among those who are or may be on their way out but among division and bureau chiefs as they watch the rule book and the economy drive cut some of the best from their staffs and leave in place some whom they would drop if managerial discretion could be exercised. Many are particularly bitter at the loss of the able younger men and women whom they have trained since the war.

This year, as an economy measure, the State Department has canceled the recruiting program under which promising college seniors were urged to take the examination for entry into the beginning grade of the Foreign Service. Numbers taking the examination fell steadily from 1,141 in 1948, when Congressional attacks on the Department began to gain volume, to 693 in 1951. Last year, a special effort to interest students gave the Foreign Service a choice among 1,693 prospects. Current figures indicate that the 1953 crop will be less than 1,000. The discarded recruiting program cost three or four thousand dollars.

Yet the civil servants are by no means the only ones concerned about the problems of securing able personnel. Members of the incoming Administration have it very much on their minds. The new Chairman of the Civil Service Commission, Philip Young, comes to Washington with a background of his own service in the Lend Lease Administration during the war and the deanship of the Columbia School of Business Administration. He has strong support in the Cabinet and the White House.

In staffing the Executive Branch, the Republicans would like to have their own people. They rightly hold that a degree of mutual confidence and compatibility is necessary to good teamwork. Moreover, they believe that their resources for executive management are better than the

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Democrats'. They would also like to have their own people because of the normal expectations of party workers.

There is, of course, some question as to whether they do not have their own people already. In metropolitan Washington, the dormitory counties that flank the voteless District of Columbia on the Maryland and Virginia banks of the Potomac voted Republican in 1944 and 1948 as well as in 1952.

BUT THE Republican problem is much greater than that of the Democrats twenty years ago. A liberal régime comes in full of things it wants to do, and the bureaucracy grows accordingly. A conservative régime comes in full of things it wants to undo, and budget cuts effect that purpose without providing jobs.

In the 1930's, the incoming Democrats solved their lesser problem by a few initial punitive gestures such as the summary recall of all of the foreign commercial attachés established under the Department of Commerce as Mr. Hoover's particular pride and joy, and the agreement between Mr. Farley and the heads of the expanding departments that they should pick their professional people on merit while he recognized deserving Democrats in the secretarial and clerical posts. Since government was expanding rapidly, top executives had copious opportunity to pick congenial surrounding staffs.

To meet the Republican problem, on March 5 the White House announced that a new policy would be adopted on "excepted" positions. So-called "Schedule A" positions, filled by appointment outside the regular system of examination, go far back in civil-service history. Schedule A has been a hodgepodge of jobs, some of a confidential and policymaking nature, some not. In 1947, President Truman blanketed holders of these jobs with civil-service protection, even though they were filled by appointments. Some 134,000 full-time jobs, about half at home and half overseas, are now on Schedule A. On June 25, an executive order by President Eisenhower removed this protection for all who are not veterans. Since perhaps fifty per cent are filled by veterans, the order rendered some-

thing like 67,000 jobholders vulnerable to dismissal.

Among these are most of the government's attorneys, who since 1943 have been appointed rather than examined. The vulnerability of attorneys will cause no grief to Attorney General Brownell; a nation-wide organization of faithful and able attorneys would be valued at its true worth by a man familiar as he is with the mechanics of politics. And he will find support in Civil Service Commissioner Young's conviction that policymaking begins at fairly low levels in legal work.

Sheep from Goats

The new executive order directs the Civil Service Commission to sort out the jobs now in Schedule A, indicating which should be classified as career service attainable through examination and which are confidential and policymaking in nature.

The latter will be outside Civil Service, grouped in the newly established Schedule C. This new category was set up by the Commission after the White House statement on March 5; it will include the jobs in which an Administration must be able to place its own men.

Each Department and agency has been asked to indicate to the Civil Service Commission which jobs it regards as suitable for Schedule C. These will not all be top jobs; under Schedule C a new Administration could place its people not only in the top policy posts at the Secretary-Under Secretary-Assistant Secretary level but down through the mechanism of administration. When Mrs. Oveta Culp Hobby first stepped into the Federal Security Agency the only employee she could pick out for herself was her secretary. A meshing rather than an abutment would be obtained if the career service went close to the top in some operations but was permeated at lower levels by Administration appointees.

Something for the Boys

The constructiveness of this plan depends on the terms that can be made between the Republicans interested in good administration and the Republicans interested in jobs for the faithful. Leonard W. Hall, recently elected Republican National Committee Chairman, and Civil Service Commission Chairman Philip Young both profess themselves unified in purpose and committed to employment of none but highly qualified personnel. But there are qualifications and qualifications.

A hint that personnel officers may be included in Schedule C was contained in a paragraph buried on page 46 of the May 24 New York *Times:* "Although it was not announced at the time, President Eisenhower underlined his own interest in rewarding the party faithful by having Mr. Hall appear before a full meeting of the Cabinet recently. This session produced closer relations between Cabinet members and G.O.P. national headquarters. Mr. Hall is now engaged in attempting to recruit personnel directors for some of the largest government departments and agencies. He is said to feel that once he gets his own men in the personnel offices the party will have a better idea of the Democrats whose services can be dispensed with and the places where Republicans can receive jobs."

HOWEVER wisely the distinction is made between jobs given to political appointees who are at their best at election time and jobs given to political appointees who are capable of making or carrying out policy, the Republicans will still have their troubles in setting up an able executive staff.

So far, under Republican and Democratic régimes alike, no satisfactory method has been found for employing top business executives

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on other than temporary or consultative jobs. Usually, more of these men are Republicans than Democrats, but how can they be used? The furore over Defense Secretary Wilsons's appointment is only another instance in a long series. Under President Truman, the attempted nomination of Mr. Carl A. Ilgenfritz of the United States Steel Corporation as chairman of the Munitions Board raised exactly the same issue: How does a man whose working life is centered in a corporation divest himself of his previous interests sufficiently to qualify as a public servant? Taking Mr. Wilson, as the Washington gag had it, lock and barrel but without the stock, was at most a partial solution. Executives who are called on for government service in their younger years are not willing permanently to sever connections that involve, in addition to stock participation, the accumulation of pension rights, insurance, and other inducements that are standard in progressive companies. Yet without complete severance, existing statutes bar the entry of such men into government service, and in any case the public would be dubious of their impartiality.

THE hiring of able Republicans in any great numbers lies some distance in the future. The present Reduction in Force will take time, and ousted employees with civil-service status will be able to come back, if new jobs open up, for a year after they are fired. The present civil-service rules were framed to protect merit, but in doing so they can also ensure mediocrity. Whether a bureaucracy pruned by the rule book can be more than mediocre remains to be seen. It takes time to replace shattered morale with team spirit. Meanwhile, all's disquiet along the Potomac.

CHANNELS:

The Commentators

MARYA MANNES

A NETWORK is known by the commentators it keeps. To anyone who ranges repeatedly through the spectrum of radio news, the color of each broadcasting system emerges clearly. The key of CBS is reason and reliability, with not one sour note of hysteria, innuendo, or rabble rousing in its stable of commentators. ABC is a crazy quilt, surrounding the stark clarity of Martin Agronsky and Elmer Davis with the purple patches of George Sokolsky, Walter Winchell, Edwin C. Hill, Paul Harvey, and Henry J. Taylor. Though H. R. Baukhage, mellow and wise, continues to talk sense daily from Washington over Mutual, that network's heart is Fulton Lewis, Jr., with Gabriel Heatter as its main artery. NBC is a tapestry of neutral tones bordered conspicuously on the one edge by H. V. Kaltenborn and on the other by Clifton Utley. Despite the unquestioned ability of most of its twenty-odd newscasters, NBC news is strangely lacking in punch, high or low.

This is the broad pattern, studded conspicuously—but not liberally—with the exceptions mentioned and with others unmentioned who manage to preserve their integrity as newscasters on networks which hold that quality in light esteem. There are, after all, some honest reporters on the Chicago *Tribune* and some tortured writers on the New York *Daily News*. And if one were to compare radio news coverage with press news coverage, radio could boast of the more equable balance. It is no longer possible in two-thirds of the nation to read both sides of the question; but it is still possible throughout the nation to *hear* both sides. From Chicago you can listen to Corning J. Hurley, Paul Harvey, and Henry J. Taylor; but you can also hear Clifton Utley speaking brilliantly and fearlessly on NBC. In Baltimore you can hear Gerald Johnson on WAAM: a man of rare insight and equal bravery, who has only recently been heard on a nationwide basis on TV Sunday nights. There are doubtless others, in other places, telling the people of their region the truth as they find it, daily and nightly.

Homage to CBS

To one broadcasting system in particular, however, must go the greater credit in maintaining the inestimable privilege of hearing the whole truth. It is doubtful whether any news organization anywhere (the press included) has a better staff of reporters than CBS. In New York, Edward R. Murrow, Charles Collingwood, Winston Burdett, and Edward P. Morgan cover and interpret the news with high literacy and insight; Robert Trout, Don Hollenbeck, Larry LeSueur, Allan Jackson, and Douglas Edwards are unfailingly restrained and reliable; and Lowell Thomas, beloved of his audience, is CBS's only excursion into heartiness, "color," and cliché. In Washington, Eric Sevareid is CBS's most distinguished ornament, a commentator of rare wisdom, courage, and compas-

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sion, who writes better than he speaks; and he is ably supported by Bill Costello, Bill Downs, Griffin Bancroft, and four other mature, shrewd men. The European staff has Howard K. Smith in London, David Schoenbrun in Paris, Richard C. Hottelet in Bonn, Ned Calmer in Rome, and Alexander Kendrick in Vienna. All these—together with Herman, Pierpont, and Cioffi in the East—make the 8 A.M. EDT news roundup by far the most complete world report on any network, and who, in a sense, constitute a vital branch of the Foreign Service of the United States.

As in any organization, the quality of its personnel is a reflection of its head, and to William S. Paley must go much of the credit for assembling a staff of such brilliance. There is another reason too: When CBS hires a man, it is because it trusts him. Once hired, he has virtually complete freedom in his field. No directives are laid down, no guidance exerted. A CBS newscaster is expected to abide by his own conscience and code. If he should violate this conscience, which is strict adherence to fact and to the truth as he is able to se it; if he should use the air as an extension of his own personal prejudices or ambition, or as a spokesman for partisan interests, he would be cut off in five minutes.

THE SAME can scarcely be said of either ABC or Mutual. ABC, in fact, virtually prides itself on having no news policy. It explains the presence of two such opposing moral attitudes as that of Elmer Davis and Walter Winchell by saying that it offers the public all sides of the question in the true spirit of democracy. You have only to listen to most of these commentators for one minute to know which "side" they are on. The voices of Sokolsky, Heatter, Hill tremble, intone, quiver; they are thick with the rhetoric of persuasion. Winchell soars into hysteria. They are a far, shrill cry from the calm twang of Davis, the incisive balance of Agronsky, the restraint and perspective of Erwin Canham—men who address the mind. The others aim at viscera. And the viscera pay off. The absurd, portentous Heatter reaches seven to ten million people weekly. Winchell, in his once-weekly tirade, reaches at least five million.

Another of these visceral commentators, Fulton Jewis, Jr., is distinguished by the fact that he is the only rouser to eschew the familiar techniques, and because of this he is probably the most influential of his kind. He has a calm, easy, pleasant voice that seems at first or even second hearing to be the voice of reason. If you do not know him, you have to stay with him a few minutes before you see what he's up to. It is significant that whereas it would be difficult if not impossible to describe the "line" of commentators like Murrow or Sevareid or Utley, men like Lewis and Sokolsky adhere to a set line of thinking and feeling which can be tabulated with ease.

To Inform or to Inflame?

Pared to the bone, this line is a deliberate destruction of faith in the Administration, in government, in our Allies and the United Nations. At best it is disagreement with the aims of President Eisenhower and the free world; at worst, it is a form of disloyalty practiced openly and with impunity by the very men most active in crying "Treason!" A random day's catch, for instance, can include Sokolsky telling his listeners that "World War II was all evil"—it accomplished nothing—it was an utter waste of blood and resources—what we have now in Russia is worse by far than the Nazi or Fascist threat. Sokolsky has never taken the trouble to speculate as to where we would be now if Germany had conquered all Europe.

Lewis on the same day (as on every day) finds the Korean War a total criminal waste – "Truman's war." Like his colleagues in thought, he tells his audience over and over that the blood of its sons was spilled for nothing. Lewis does not speculate on where we would be had the Communists overrun Korea and thus posed a major threat to Japan. Britain is constantly double-crossing us, letting us down. He takes great pains to find any item, however unsubstantiated, to "document" this. He does not speculate on where we would be without Britain as an ally. He gives the same treatment to the United Nations (a farce), foreign aid (a colossal giveaway), the State Department (still tainted by Communists and intellectuals). Among commentators like Lewis, the only areas of approval are the American Legion, the Chinese Nationalists, investigating committees, and motherhood.

Winchell differs only in the inclusion of more personal gossip and of little jokes, such as referring to James Wechsler as the editor of the "New York *Compost*—look it up." A combination Messiah, Revere, and Cassandra, he knows all and is impelled by duty to pass it on to Mr. and Mrs. America. Like Senator McCarthy's, his detractors are Commies and fellow travelers, and all criticism and disagreement is an organized smear by subversives. It is hard to imagine what reactions these visceral commentators can arouse in their audience but distrust, anger, and cynicism. They do not inform; they inflame.

THIS does not mean that the "reasonable" commentators are Pollyannas or that they approve unreservedly of the Administration, our Allies, or our foreign policy. But if any criticism is implied, it emanates from established facts and careful consideration; basically they feel a responsibility toward their audience which would forbid snap conclusions, distortion, or—the favorite device of the rousers—the lifting of words out of context and the deliberate suppression of facts that would weaken their arguments. They present the case as it stands and leave the conclusion to their listeners. They have the integrity, moreover, not to be intimidated by the phobias of the moment, not to cater to the "popular" emotions.

So long as men like these are on the air, reason—which has no Hooper rating—has a chance of prevailing.

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How to Embalm A Newspaper

JAMES MUNVES

In this era of specialization and high-pressure salesmanship, many things have changed their meanings. There are physicians today who never touch a pill, farmers more familiar with chemicals than with dirt, attorneys who are strangers to courts, and weekly newspaper publishers unaware of the problems of their communities.

The replacement of homely grocery stores with porcelain supermarkets seems to conform to economic necessity, and perhaps the perversion of the weekly press is the result of some similarly inexorable process. The transformation of a weekly is, however, more offensive than that of a grocery for the reason that a newspaper, like you and me, can possess a soul.

That is to say it can speak with and be responsive to the community in which it exists, and it can have an attitude toward its readers and aspire to serve them. A man can buy a subscription list, desks, typewriters, advertising contracts, a name, and even something called good will—but not a newspaper's life. There are men who find the *reliquiae* alone sufficient for their purposes, and thus it happens that a newspaper may walk after it is dead, and what was once a temple of integrity becomes a front operation for a small-time confidence man.

Decay in Dawndale

The recent history of a weekly we shall call the Dawndale *Item* will serve as an example of this ghoulish process. Its transmogrification might have occurred long ago (the order in which newspapers have succumbed is related to their proximity to large cities, and the *Item's* home is less than forty miles from Boston), but its aged publisher lived long beyond his time.

For Dawndale had become less self-sufficient as improved means of transportation turned it into a suburban appendage, but in the old man's mind it lived on as it had been before the telephone and automobile began the damage. He died unaware that expanding dailies and local radio stations challenged the reasons for the *Item's* existence. His sons sold the linotype machine on which he had composed the *Item's* editorials, then the printing press, and, in 1947, the newspaper itself.

When the enterpriser whom we shall call Albert C. Frost bought the *Item* for ten thousand dollars (twelve hundred dollars cash, the balance to be paid in four years), its books showed that it netted its owners approximately five thousand dollars per year, that half of the 146 business establishments in Dawndale regularly advertised in it, and that its paid circulation was fifteen hundred.

Later, when he examined the *Item's* circulation rolls, Frost discovered that its paid circulation was somewhat less than this. One hundred thirty-eight persons had bought subscriptions to the *Item* during the year, 571 families purchased it each week from neighborhood newsboys, and the number of copies disposed of in drug and cigar stores varied between 220 and 290 a week. The paid circulation, then, was actually less than a thousand, but this didn't bother Frost. Exaggeration was part of the newspaper business as he knew it, and the ragged edge of reality had no bearing on his plans. Frost, a middle-aged ex-advertising salesman, had many plans.

Some decomposition had occurred before Frost took over. The paper's two heirs (they were real-estate brokers, and had let their secretary and her young brother look after the *Item*) had never removed a name from the *Item's* subscription rolls, and thus twelve hundred copies went through the mails each week at the privileged second-class rate. Postal regulations permit newspapers numbering no more than 110 per cent of the total of paying subscribers to be sent second class. The *Item* was sending out more than that, but the postmaster, an old friend of the former owners, had never checked on it.

The keystone of Frost's plans for the *Item* was the figure he gave out as its paid circulation. The circulation, inflated by nonpaying subscribers, was about 2,050. Frost, from the moment he became the *Item's* publisher, claimed its paid circulation was 6,250. The population of Dawndale is 27,000, and it contains 6,817 homes. Frost's figure gave the impression that the weekly went to almost every house in town.

Next Frost raised his advertising rates to conform to the new circulation. Old advertisers were permitted to sign contracts at the previous rate, but the truth of the matter was that they had ceased to expect results from the *Item's* advertisements, and they had continued to buy space in the paper only out of liking for the old man who had died. Although they now seemed willing to continue advertising, they certainly had no interest in doing so on any sort of contract basis. Frost would declare at Chamber of Commerce meetings (as publisher of the *Item* he served automatically as its secretary) that the merchants needed to be "educated to the desirability of advertising contracts." They continued to place ads from week to week—at the old price.

Milking the Corporations

But even though the old customers were able to keep Frost from raising his space rates, Frost was able to make it exceedingly difficult for them to sever relations entirely. On visiting a storekeeper, Frost would

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inquire as to what changes he wished to make in the ad he had placed the week before. Frost, a large, glistening, expansive fellow, thus firmly shoved the discussion several floors above such a fundamental consideration as that of the necessity of advertising at all.

The new publisher would interpret any negative reaction, no matter how explicit or vehement, as an instruction to run the current ad unaltered. It was only after a merchant refused to pay a bill for five or six months (and few went that far) that Frost ceased running his ads. New advertisers who appeared reluctant to purchase *Item* space were given a "break." Frost charged them a third less than the advertising-card rates; they paid only one and a half times the rates of old advertisers. The advertising departments of what Frost referred to as "giant, multi-million-dollar corporations" far from Dawndale always paid at the official, or advertising-card, rate—a circumstance from which the *Item* publisher reaped additional advantage.

MANY giant corporations offer to split with local outlets (for refrigerators, say) the costs of advertising in community publications. This sharing of advertising expense reflects the mutual interests of manufacturer and vendor in the sale of a product, and is intended to inform the reader directly where the product is to be obtained locally, and to encourage the dealer to advertise. Frost is able to encourage the dealer even more by charging the Dawndale dealer a lower rate than he charges the corporation.

The Dawndale refrigerator vendor places a full-page ad in the *Item,* and a bill, based on the advertising-rate card, is sent to the corporation. The corporation kicks in fifty per cent of the amount of the bill. What share of the total cost of the ad this fifty per cent really represents depends upon which of his numerous advertising rates Frost applies to the vendor. If he charges the storekeeper at the pre-Frost rate, then the giant corporation's fifty per cent amounts to a hundred per cent of the cost of the ad. If Frost gives the storekeeper his one-third discount on the advertising-card rate, then the corporation's fifty per cent pays for two-thirds of the ad. Merchants find this arrangement attractive, and every issue of the *Item* contains three or four half- or full-page ads that have cost the storekeepers who placed them as little as nothing.

AS FROST often says, "The backbone of the weekly is classifieds and legals." He refers, of course, to classified advertisements, solicited by calling up people who give telephone numbers in classified ads they have placed in other newspapers in the area; and to legal advertisements, so called because various laws require that all sorts of notices of public transactions, as well as of meetings of administrative bodies, court decisions, and contests, be published in newspapers circulated in the region affected by them. Frost pays his rent and the salaries of his staff of two out of these dependable sources of revenue.

The *Item's* income is boosted by the big issues that Frost promotes on three occasions each year. At Christmas time just about every business in Dawndale purchases a special Season's Greeting ad, in the manner in which private individuals buy Christmas cards. Frost has also been successful in getting a similar response to solicitations for Easter ads in the spring, and the biggest issues of all

are those filled with Dawndale Day ads, for a special sale day in the fall, spaced about midway between the two holidays, which Frost has "developed" through the Chamber of Commerce. He has also made out well with Sweetest Day, the latest device of the Father's Day lobby, and he looks forward to the time when there will not be a month during which Dawndale's merchants will not feel compelled to publicly proclaim their support of some festivity.

FROST's only concern with the editorial content of the *Item* is to see to it that as many Dawndale residents as possible are named on its pages. The only thing that could conceivably motivate anyone to buy a copy of the *Item,* Frost believes, is a desire to read his own name in it. The local telephone directory has supplanted the dictionary as the principal orthography text in the *Item's* office.

The news content of the *Item* consists of notices of meetings and charity drives and of descriptions of store openings and social events, with as many names as possible worked into them. It is possible that the only reason there are any such news stories at all is that the cheap second-class mailing rate is not extended to publications more than half of whose issues contain more than seventy-five per cent advertising.

The man whom Frost employs as editor of the *Item* spends much of his time pasting dummies, folding newspapers, delivering them to stores and newsboys, and hurrying between newspaper office and printer with copy and proofs. Frost says, "Men who can make commas come a dime a dozen. Putting their names on the masthead and calling them editor is worth twenty smackers a week." So far, Frost has employed seven editors.

After five years, Frost has become pretty well enmeshed ("integrated," he would say) in Dawndale's existence. He loses advertisers when business is bad (it seldom is), and his visits have become part of the storekeepers' routines. He gets busier and busier as the paid circulation of the newspaper gets smaller and smaller. Indeed, Frost makes no effort to find replacements for newsboys who find more lucrative employment, and one can envisage the week when the United States Post Office Department will deliver the *Item,* with a front-page story listing the Dawndalers seen at the railroad station and twenty-three pages crammed with Oldest Brother's Day ads, to twenty-five hundred subscribers, not one of whom has spent a cent for it or would ever care to.

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The Troubled Travels Of Colonel McCormick

H. B. DAVID

As a swashbuckling polemicist forever jousting with the living and the dead, Colonel Robert R. McCormick has always seemed to be a natural and inviting target for brickbats, hoots, sneers, and righteous indignation from liberals, intellectuals, and politicians of one type or another. And yet over the years, nearly all such attacks against the Colonel have turned out to be duds. For around every one of the missiles hurled at the Colonel, there is wrapped, often unbeknownst to the hurler, a good deal of secret, saving affection.

In Colonel McCormick's long career he has nearly always played the part of the man of infinite power who rarely sees the fulfillment of his major wishes, or indeed of any wishes. Although the Colonel might be the first to deny it, his frustrations make him almost as human as we hope ourselves to be. They have also made him a tradition.

B.T. and A.T.

All items of McCormickiana ought to be plainly labeled B.T. or A.T.—Before Tower or After Tower—for they represent different epochs of development in the character of the same man. Prior to 1925, the year that the thirty-six-story *Tribune* edifice was erected in Chicago, the Colonel had to serve as his own tower, and the task was sometimes difficult. After 1925, however, the Colonel achieved the altitude, inaccessibility, and majesty that he craved. That year marked the true beginning of the McCormick legend.

There were B.T. days of uncertainty and anguish when it seemed as if the Colonel would never attain his full growth. This was particularly noted during his many Paris sojourns. There until 1934 the Colonel maintained a small paper, the Paris edition of the Chicago *Tribune*. It was a residue of the doughboys' paper that the *Tribune* published in France during the First World War. It had sold by the hundred thousands during the war, but its postwar circulation, mostly among tourists, was distressingly small. It disturbed the Colonel, naturally, to be the owner of a small paper anywhere. The paper was housed inauspiciously in the rear of the low, undistinguished edifice of *Le Petit Journal* in the Rue Lamartine, with no adequate approach, no moat, no changing of the guard—nothing but *bistros* to the left and right, full of unimpressed and ungenuflecting young journalists.

What the management of the Paris edition could not do for the Colonel's morale vertically, it tried to achieve for him horizontally. The management always kept in the office some dozens of newspaper vendors' caps, each blazoned with *"La Chicago Tribune."* It also maintained supplies of these caps at other points in Europe. Whenever the Colonel got off a ship at Cherbourg or Le Havre, whenever he boarded a train somewhere in Europe, the management tried to have the caps there on vendors hawking the Paris edition—*"La Liberté! La Presse! La Chicago Tribune!"*—if only for a few dramatic minutes. There were even times when the management flew caps by plane to distant points, to adorn various heads on station platforms where the Colonel might alight. It apparently helped make the Colonel feel that all the world was Dearborn Street.

The Colonel is known nowadays as a rabid isolationist, but there was a time when he had a lively interest in Europe and liked nothing better than to meet important Europeans and tell them what their countries had to do in order to win his approval. He was nostalgic about having fought in France, and this gave him a proprietary affection for the country, coupled with a desire that its people follow the right path. He was much distressed with the situation of French politics after the First World War, but he could not get such men as Poincaré and Briand to listen to his plans for France.

The French were then simultaneously enjoying the role of military cocks of the walk, suffering the anguish of the fall of the franc, and complaining because America would not cancel their war debts. At any rate, they had little time or consideration for American newspaper publishers or even for American officers who had fought with them against the Boches. The Colonel's field batteries had, of course, done fine work at Cantigny. But for the vainglorious French of those days to be really impressed by an officer, he would have had to have been at Verdun or the Marne, and moreover he would have had to be French. To them, the gallant Colonel, despite his service, was simply another American who had been privileged to watch the French win the war, or, even worse, another foreigner in France taking advantage of the tragedy of the falling franc.

In the 1920's era of the leftist Gov-

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ernments, the Colonel grew quite disgusted with French politics and politicians. No longer enjoying the democratic air of France, he was quite relieved when he got an invitation to come to Spain and meet King Alfonso XIII. This visit became one of the favorite McCormick legends of the *Tribune*'s European staff.

The meeting had been arranged through the American Ambassador to Spain, Alexander Moore, a former Pittsburgh newspaper publisher. Moore was a gay man who had enjoyed every drop of life. For eleven years he had been the husband of the most celebrated American stage beauty of the big-hipped era, Lillian Russell, and he was quoted as saying that anything that happened to him after Lillian, including embassies to the Bourbons, was just velvet. When he presented his Harding credentials to the court of Spain, he realized that he was going to have fun. The King and Queen both had definite ideas about what Americans were like or should be like—uncivilized, wild, rough-riding cowboys, savage redskins, plutocrats in buckskin—and Moore decided to humor them by becoming their typical American.

At different times in Madrid the Ambassador affected loud checked vests, brown derbies, one-foot cigars, pearl-handled revolvers, cowboy chaps, and a brusque line of speech that captivated the court. Once he was reputed to have sent a magnificent hot-water bottle to the Queen with a note saying: "Dear Queen: This will keep you warm while Alfonso is away."

The Mysterious Meeting

When the Colonel arrived in Madrid, a *Tribune* reporter was already there, just in case anything interesting happened to his employer. Since the Colonel was often difficult for *Tribune* men to interview, the reporter had a chat with the ambassador. The Colonel, it turned out, had arrived in Madrid in a terrible rage. His valet in Paris, it seemed, had packed the wrong clothes for him, and there the Colonel was in Madrid with nothing in his suitcase but an American colonel's uniform. "His man," said Moore, "has packed the wrong clothes for half the countries of Europe."

Moore said he had suggested the name of a tailor in Madrid who could turn out a proper court costume for the Colonel overnight. "After all, he made me a Buffalo Bill costume in two days," said Moore, "so he certainly ought to be able to cut some striped pants for Bertie." But the Colonel refused to be tailored. It was either his Army uniform or nothing. So Moore took it up with the court. In a couple of hours he reported back: "Everything's hunky-dory. They've dug up a regiment of which Alfonso is the Colonel, and

they've also dug up a colonel's uniform for him, so you'll meet as two colonels."

The next day a court functionary arrived at the embassy for a meeting with the Colonel. He said he was the palace historian, and he asked the Colonel to tell him all about his military engagements, as His Majesty wished to compliment the Colonel on his prowess and valor. The Colonel obliged with details of the Cantigny engagement and others, and the historian took copious notes. When he was through, the Colonel demanded that the historian brief *him* about His Majesty's battles. The historian demurred.

What happened at the royal reception was a mystery. The *Tribune* reporter questioned Moore later, but could not get any information from the diplomat. The Colonel had left Madrid in a hurry. Was he piqued about something? Had Alfonso kept his word to appear in a colonel's uniform? Had he remembered to compliment the Colonel on his battles? Moore would not say. Usually one of the most garrulous men in the world, he retreated behind the traditional diplomatic formula: "No comment."

But only about a year ago, when the Colonel broadcast an account of a recent meeting with General Franco, he did include a brief picture of that early meeting with Alfonso. Speaking of his interview with Franco at a hunting lodge, the Colonel said: "The impression at the hunting lodge was one of power and self-assurance. How different it was some years ago when I called on King Alfonso at his massive palace in Madrid. There, following an ancient custom, I first entered the hall of the lower nobility and passed up room by room through the ranks of the hierarchy, saluted at each door by pikesmen in shabby clothes, who clashed their halberds on the floor as they had done in the time of Henry V.

"After a stay at the top of the ladder, in the room of the Nobles of the Golden Fleece, presided over by a lady-in-waiting in a costume of bygone days, I was ushered into the presence of the king—an energetic, clever man, who, however, could not resist the changing times." But that was as far as the Colonel would go in his account—he dropped a curtain on Alfonso and went back happily to Franco.

"Changing times"—just what did that mean? And that business about starting at the bottom of the ladder—neither in life, politics, journalism, nor royal courts has the Colonel started anywhere but at the top, the topmost top.

The meeting with Franco was, by contrast, as the Colonel described it, completely successful. In his broadcast the Colonel explained to his audience that the Generalissimo, "in his capacity of chief of state, was in civilian clothes." The approach to Franco was long and impressive, with many colorful costumes and much presenting of arms along the way, and obviously with no bottom rungs of the ladder to tread. After the meeting the Colonel in his

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broadcast termed Franco "the originator of war as we have known it for the last fifteen years." He said further: "Franco's strategy was in the best tradition. His tactics were original. Whether Guderian or Patton improved upon them is open to question, but no one denies that they imitated him. So Franco remains the greatest general to appear on the European scene. MacArthur's great strategy of the Pacific was of a different nature."

WHAT military compliments Franco paid the Colonel will probably never be known. But only a short time later the Colonel, speaking for himself, said to a Chicago audience: "You do not know it, but the fact is that I introduced the R.O.T.C. into the schools; that I introduced automatic rifles; I was the first officer to go up in the air and observe artillery fire. Now I have succeeded in making this the regular practice in the army. I was the first to advocate an alliance with Canada. I forced the acquiring of bases in the Atlantic Ocean. . . ."

The Colonel in that same Franco broadcast also went with particular relish into the efforts of Franco to take Madrid in the Civil War. He said of Franco: "He destroyed the university, not considered of much importance in Spain, but refrained from attacking the city with its great tradition of resisting Napoleon."

The Colonel, although he went to Yale himself, has never liked universities, holding them to be hotbeds of intellectualism. Indeed, there is a story, perhaps apocryphal, that when Colonel McCormick first learned of General Eisenhower's Presidential aspirations, at a time when he was president of Columbia University, the Colonel took strong exception, on the ground that a man of General Eisenhower's profession could not be trusted with the Presidency. This was the first time anyone had heard of the Colonel's objecting to a military man in high office, and an associate discreetly asked him why he had thus changed his mind. The Colonel soon set him right, saying that he objected to the fact that Eisenhower was a university president.

Nowadays the Colonel not only

seems to regard the President as an intellectual but as virtually an egghead. Worse still, his paper has branded Eisenhower's just another New Deal Cabinet.

The Modern Marco Polo

To get away from all this, the Colonel recently left Chicago on another air odyssey, in still another legendary capacity. This time the Colonel was playing Marco Polo, describing all the strange customs of unknown foreign peoples to his Chicago readers. From his first stop, London, the Colonel on March 24 informed his readers by wireless that "the English drink scotch whisky, which they call whisky and soda." Also: "They drink four kinds of brews—beer, which is bitter; porter, which I never tasted, and ale, the best of which comes from Belfast, as does a temperance drink, ginger ale. There is also a very sweet, heartily sparkling beverage called ginger beer, mostly for children." Chicago *Tribune* readers, who were in possession of the whole detailed itinerary, could hardly wait until the Colonel alighted at Orly Airport, Paris, so that he could inform them about champagne.

The Proud Prejudices Of Sinclair Lewis

DANIEL AARON

THE MAN FROM MAIN STREET. A Sinclair Lewis Reader. Selected essays and other writings, 1904-1950. Edited by Harry E. Maule and Melville H. Cane. *Random House. $3.75.*

IN A CANDID self-portrait dated "Berlin, 1927" and included in this new collection of Sinclair Lewis's miscellaneous writings, "the man from Main Street" warns his readers to avoid meeting their favorite authors lest they suffer the inevitable disenchantment. And he writes of himself: "There never was in private life a less attractive or admirable fellow—except to a few people who like him from perversity or because they find his conversation amusing."

Anyone who has ever met Lewis will spot this remark as the most untruthful statement in an otherwise shrewdly critical self-appraisal, but the reminiscences, pronunciamentos, and confessions which make up this book will instantly bring back to those who heard him talk the image and the accents of this enigmatic man.

A few years before he died, I spent an afternoon and evening with him at Thorvale Farm, Lewis's place in South Williamstown, Massachusetts, and I remember very well my first impression of him as he shuffled—or teetered, rather—into the living room, tall, gangling, and unbelievably cadaverous. I had heard of his illness, but I was not prepared for what I saw: the emaciated and ravaged face, lividly patched on the right cheek, the thin wisps of yellow-white hair combed back over a fragile skull, and the palsied hands. Now, in retrospect, it seems remarkable to me how quickly this wrecked man made me forget the shock of the first impression. Something gay and youthful looked through the death's-head. It took only a short while before we were both laughing and interrupting each other the way old friends might do at some unplanned reunion: The invalid simply disappeared and the

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experienced raconteur, the profane jester, the splenetic moralist took over.

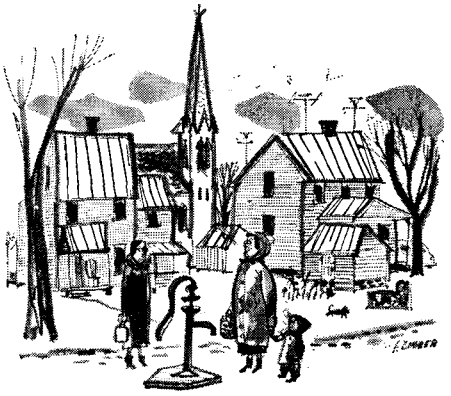
HERE IN THIS volume of opinions and comments, Lewis talks again and explains a good deal about himself and his work that a brief encounter with him could never reveal. For here he discusses his boyhood; his early friendships and his days at Yale; the comical episode at Helicon Hall, Upton Sinclair's New Jersey "experiment-in-living"; his journalistic fiascoes; his reflections on literature, both aesthetic and practical; and his comments on people and places. Some of this written talk is dull, as his conversation never was, and much of it is slipshod, but it helps to explain Lewis's America and his own somewhat contradictory nature.

One notes first of all his aggressive national pride and with what affection he chastised his countrymen. A conscientious traveler who apparently enjoyed dazzling his anchored readers with references to Stockholm, Paris, London, and Florence, he detested the expatriate, and lived and thought America no matter where he was. America represented sanity and talent and "normal and exciting living." America was plain food and whiskey (he called himself "a barbarian in the arts of the table"), and America was "as strange as Russia and as complex as China," the land of "one of the most amusing, exasperating, exciting, and completely mysterious peoples in the world."

Winesburg and Gopher Prairie

His European readers who thought of him only as the angry satirist of American materialism mistook his real intentions. What he had criticized, he reminded the Swedish Academy, before whom he delivered his Nobel Prize address in 1930 (reprinted here), was an America "that with all of its wealth and power, has not yet produced a civilization good enough to satisfy the deepest wants of human creatures." But neither had Europe, for that matter, and there was enough of Dr. Will Kennicott and George Babbitt in their creator to make him appreciate the men responsible for tile bathrooms and reliable cars.

Lewis's popularity, like Mark Twain's, is partly explained by his ability to identify himself with the people he satirized and spoofed. Like all successful American humorists, he seldom departed from the deeply felt beliefs or the unexpressed prejudices of his readers, and he shared their distrust of the highbrows, faddists, and radicals. The mystical



vagaries of Sherwood Anderson and the moonings and gropings of Dreiser displeased him as they did the man in the street. On several occasions, to be sure, he paid generous tributes to them both (the editors include an almost tender review of Anderson's *A Story Teller's Story*), but Lewis told me that he disliked Dreiser personally and thought Anderson was a fake. When I pointed out Anderson's similarity to Whitman, he replied that Whitman was a fake too.

I rather suspect that it was not Anderson's subject matter he objected to so much as his professional naïveté. Lewis's emotional extravagance took other forms, and the strange goings-on in Winesburg, Ohio, could not have corresponded at all to village life in Gopher Prairie as he saw it. Anderson, with some reason, accused Lewis of wanting "to see beauty descend upon our lives like a rainstorm" and of "being blind to the minor beauties our lives hold," but Lewis would probably have dismissed this charge as the vaporings of an amiable charlatan. He preferred what he took to be the honest rendering of actualities.

In an article he wrote in 1929, "The American Scene in Fiction," he invited American writers to cleave to the real, to exploit the Florida trailer camps, the "new commercial Georgia," the universities ("These preposterous factories"), the armies of industrialization—in short to treat all of the themes which the writers of the depression decade later seized upon. "Is Waterloo a more gigantic spectacle than the Ford Plant at River Rouge? Is the conquest of an Indian kingdom by an English proconsul more adventurous than the General Motors' invasion of the German motor world?" This was romance for Lewis, and the dynamism and variety of American society made it unnecessary for the imaginative craftsman to seek elsewhere for his materials.

If the American writer had the wit, the vocabulary, and the endurance, he could probably write a good book. At least this seems to be the burden of Lewis's comments on style and technique. He was not a self-conscious artist, nor was he particularly concerned with stylistic refinements. Style for him was simply a feeling of rightness, and a person wrote well when he said what he wanted to say in a simple and unhifalutin' way. He named Dickens, Swinburne, Wells, Housman, Hardy, Hamlin Garland, and Mencken as his "extraordinarily discrepant literary ancestors," and seems to have regarded James, Proust, and Joyce with a kind of suspicious respect. Anything *avant-garde* disturbed him; the New Criticism was a humbug.

The Profane Prude

"Obscenity and Obscurity"—this is the title of a curious essay he wrote in 1945 and one that declares openly what his novels already showed: his essential propriety and his inhibitions about sex. Lewis was a profane conversationalist, but his books, even *Elmer Gantry*, have their own brand of decorousness and never contain a suggestion of what he called "bleached subcellar smut." Indeed, he was much closer to William Dean Howells, with what Lewis called his "code of the pious old maid," than

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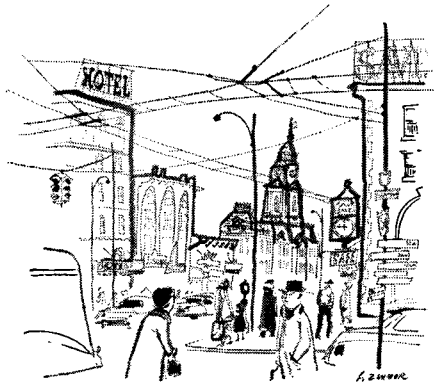
he realized, and in his own way was fastidious.

In this same essay, Lewis connected "the feeble violence of obscenity" with "the coy snootiness of obscurity." Apparently each was nasty, offensive to anyone who appreciated the unambiguous revelation of the commonplace, and the implication is left that highbrow is likely to be dirty-minded. Here again Lewis spoke for his Philistine cousins who weren't ashamed to hanker "after ice-cream soda and Grant Wood's paintings" while exploring Europe, and who preferred Sandburg to Eliot. Lewis sampled the "moderns" (he was reading Truman Capote unenthusiastically when I saw him), but he felt more at ease with the unexotic Americans untouched by "the hard, varnished cosmopolitan cleverness."

There was no strain or awkwardness when he reminisced about the Middle West. I shall never forget his description of a mellow evening he spent with Eugene Debs (whom he obviously loved) and Sandburg somewhere on the Chicago West Side. Debs, the romantic, the *schöne Seele*, got mildly high and recalled the days when railroad dicks shadowed him from train to train. He could invariably spot them, and he would invite them to join him and his trainmen friends where they could all huddle around the stove and keep warm.

Perhaps Lewis softened the actualities in his nostalgic memories of Minnesota, but there is something appealing in the satisfactions he took in his origins. "If I seem to have criticized prairie villages," he wrote in 1931, "I have certainly criticized them no more than I have New York, or Paris, or the great universities. I am quite certain that I could have been born and reared in no place in the world where I would have had more friendliness."



These essays demonstrate how much of the village spirit of democracy he retained and his respect for integrity, learning, and accuracy wherever it appeared. They explain his sympathy for heretics and underdogs, what he described as his "almost reckless hatred of hypocrisy," his feeling about Negro discrimination. "I should have been a Methodist exhorter," I can remember him saying to me. Certainly he was still feeling explosive about the Negro problem when I saw him, and he spoke harshly about Robert Penn Warren's *All the King's Men* in this connection. Warren, he felt, had glamorized the sexual attractiveness of Negro girls, and he told me that *Kingsblood Royal* contained some satiric allusions to Warren's book.

Lewis believed that a writer ought to speak out on controversial issues. During the heyday of the United Front, he attacked "the intellectual racketeering and ruthlessness of the Russian bureaucracy," and from the outset he was outspokenly anti-Nazi. In a discerning obituary he wrote for himself in 1941, Lewis rather wistfully recorded that he "seems to have had no 'school' of imitators," but in summarizing his contributions to American literature—his "derision of dullness," his "use of American lingo," his "humorous exaggeration"—he mentioned the democratic world of his books where "a country editor or a Swedish farmhand is at least the equal in dignity, worth, and romantic charm of any prince, any labor-leader with 10,000,000 followers—or any novelist."

Lewis never minimized human savagery, but he said it was a great sin "to despair of the noble future of mankind." One felt his humanity in talking with him and one feels it again in reading these random observations. After four years I cannot reconstruct his words, but I can remember the manner, friendly and receptive, almost eager, and the gaiety of this fierce and winning man who crowded his life until the end.

Who is the most influential man in the U.S.?

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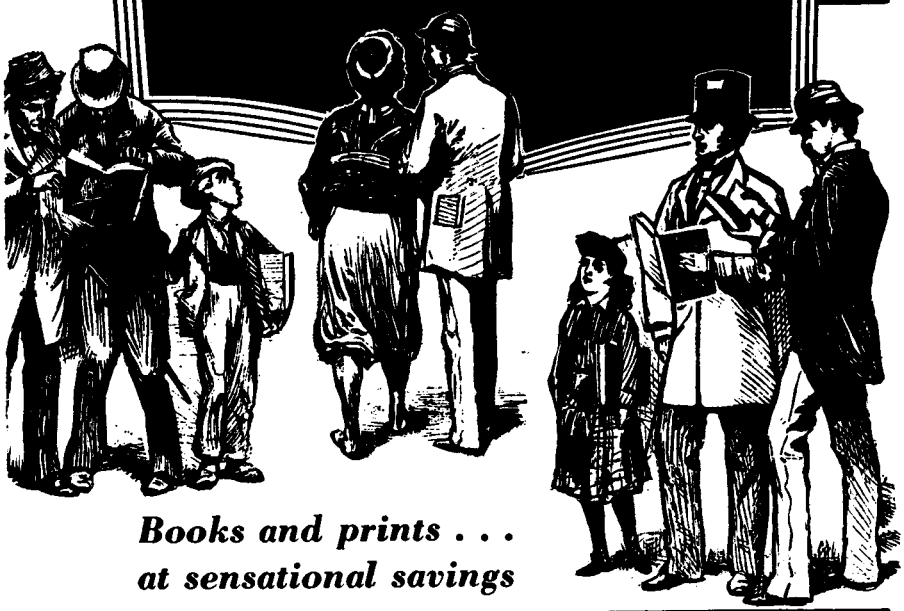

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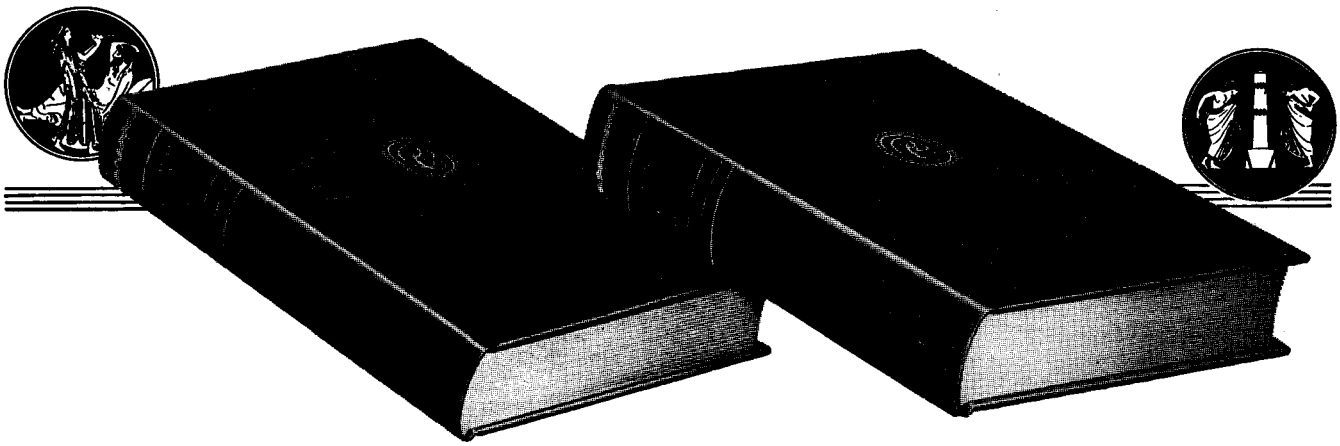

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